YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ JULY 20, 1945
VOL. 4, NO. 5

By and for the enlisted men

GI Global Sketchbook

PAGES 2-9

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OKINAWA | Infantrymen of the 96th Division eat chow in the rain

—Sgt. Jack Ruge

GI GLOBAL SKETCHBOOK

ON these pages YANK presents a collection of sketches by GIs from all over the world—the Ryukyus, the Philippines, Italy, France, Holland, Germany and even places like the Spanish-French border, the Holy Land and Fort Belvoir, Va. Most of the sketches are by YANK's own staff artists like Sgt. Howard Brodie, Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, Pfc. Dave Shaw and Sgt. Jack Ruge, who drew the above scene of a 96th Division dinner hour at Okinawa. Others were contributed by soldier-artists, such as Sgt. Ed Vebell of *The Stars and Stripes* and Sgt. Albert Gold of the Historical Section of ETO Headquarters, or by soldiers who draw in their spare time, like Cpl. Laszlo Matulay, a draftsman in an engineer regiment in the European theater.

The art in this GI collection, unlike the Art that many civilian painters have produced after trips to the battle fronts and overseas rear echelon bases, is not the kind that requires a capital "A." It was done by artists who were not in the mood to be pretentious or extravagant. Most of these sketches were made by GIs without time to prune and polish. They are notes of impressions by different artists of different things. They were not intended to be elaborate or commercially ambitious, but they are sincere and accurate.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Information & Education Division, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

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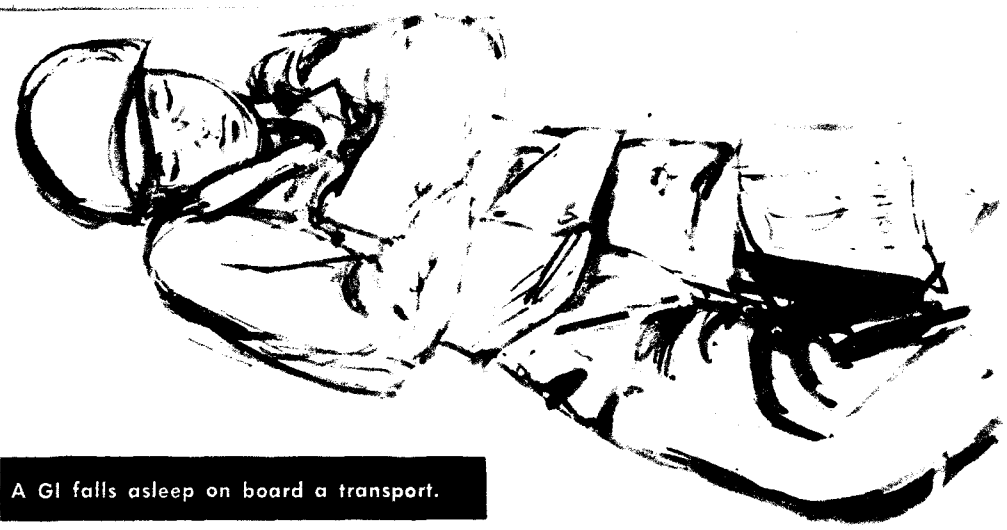

LEYTE A GI falls asleep on board a transport.

Cpl Joe Stefanelli

OKINAWA Marines bathing in what wcs a Jap spring

—Sgt. Jack Ruge

CORREGIDOR Holding a Jap soldier's scarf.

—Sgt. Arthur Weithas

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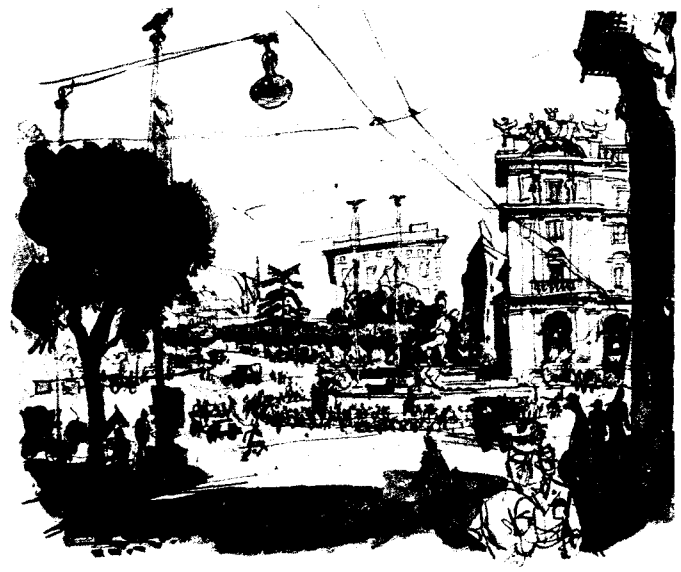
NORMANDY Tired dough rests his pack.

—Sgt. Howard Brodie



The Piazza dell'Esedra. The Via Nazionale goes out from it.

ROME

The Piazza Venezia, from the Victor Emanuel Monument

LEYTE An evacuation hospital in a church.

—Cpl. Joe Stefanelli

NEW GUINEA An army road junction

—Cpl. Joe Stefanelli

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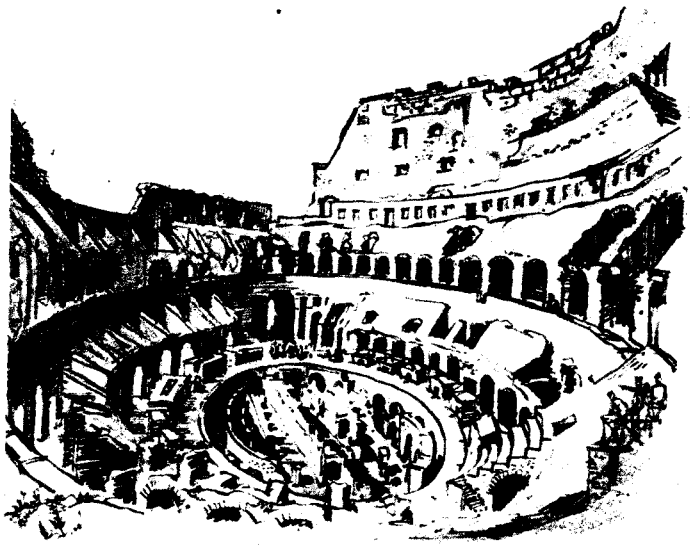

The Colosséum, where kids pestered you for cigarettes.

A sidewalk cafe under trees on the Piazza dei Cinquecento.

—Pfc. David Shaw

GERMANY This 80-year-old German, Julius Schonkase, is disappointed. He wanted to keep on fighting. His sons fought in both wars.

—Sgt. Howard Brodie

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GUAM The rain is falling at the front.

—Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh

GUAM A chaplain holds Sunday services for the Marines on board a transport which was headed for Guam.

—Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh

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PYRENEES French and Spanish guards at the border.

—Sgt. Ed Vebell

PYRENEES Spanish sergeant of the border guard.

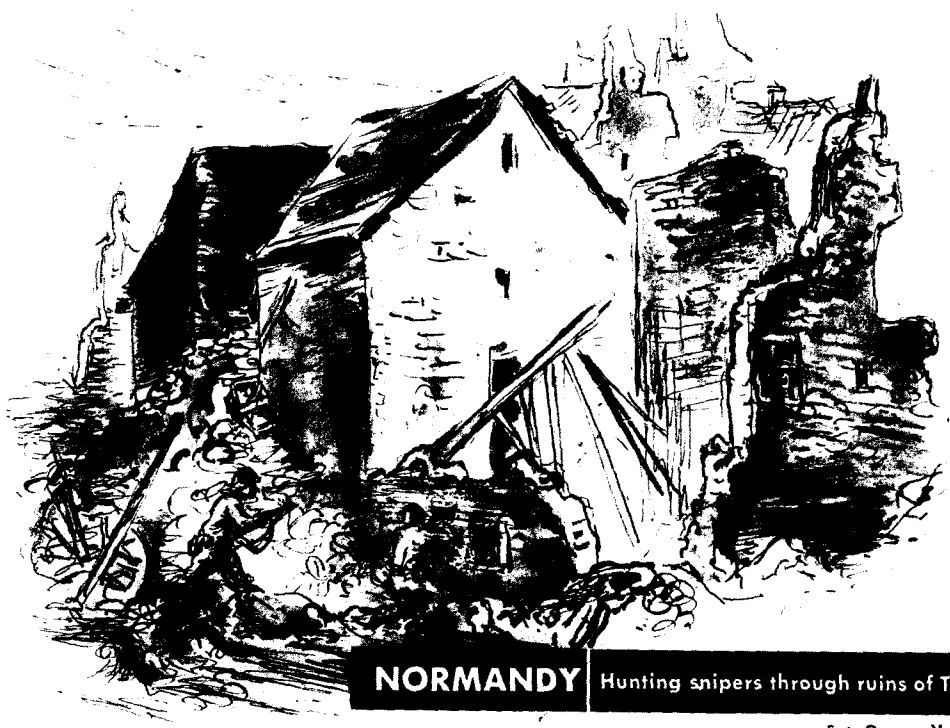
—Sgt. Ed Vebell

MINDANAO Ruins on the main street of Zamboanga.

—Sgt. Arthur Weithas

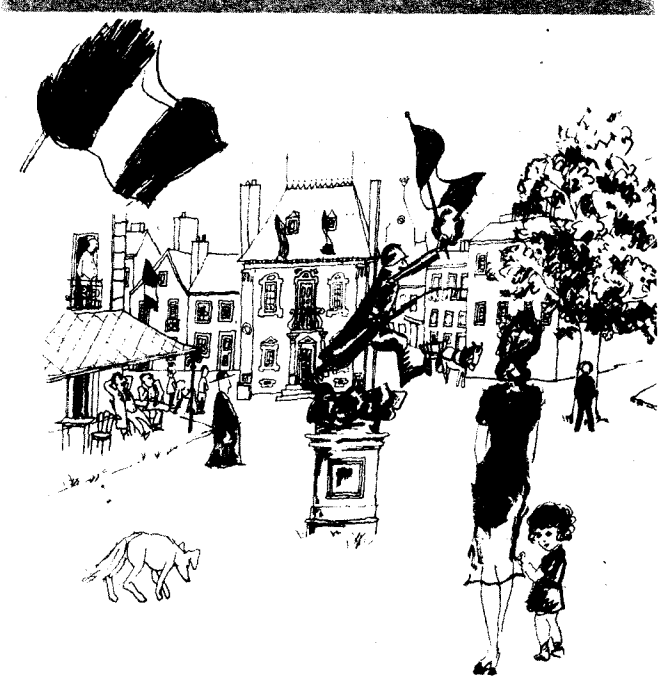
MINDANAO A GI swigging from a bottle of saki.

—Sgt. Arthur Weithas



NORMANDY Hunting snipers through ruins of Trevieres.

—Sgt. George Vander Sluis



FRANCE A quiet day in a liberated French town.

—Cpl. Laszlo Matulay

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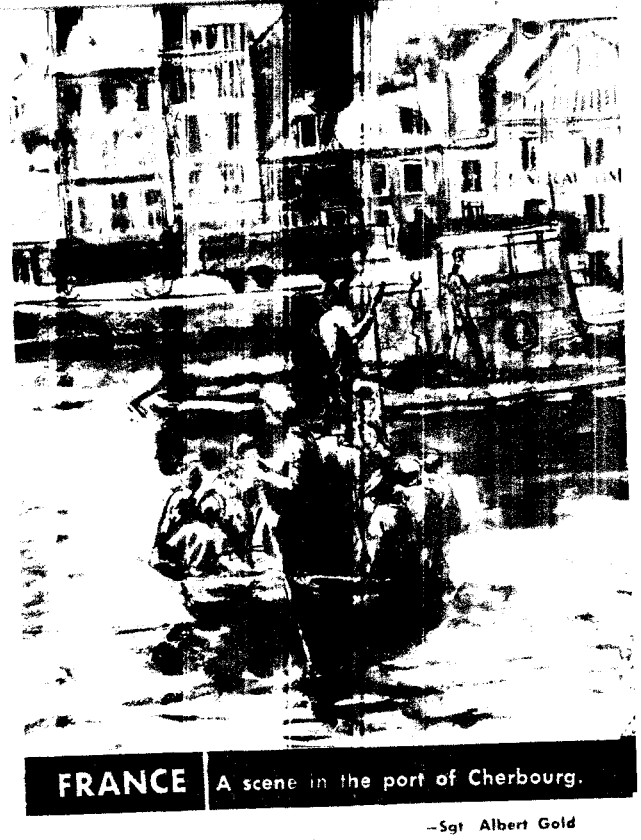
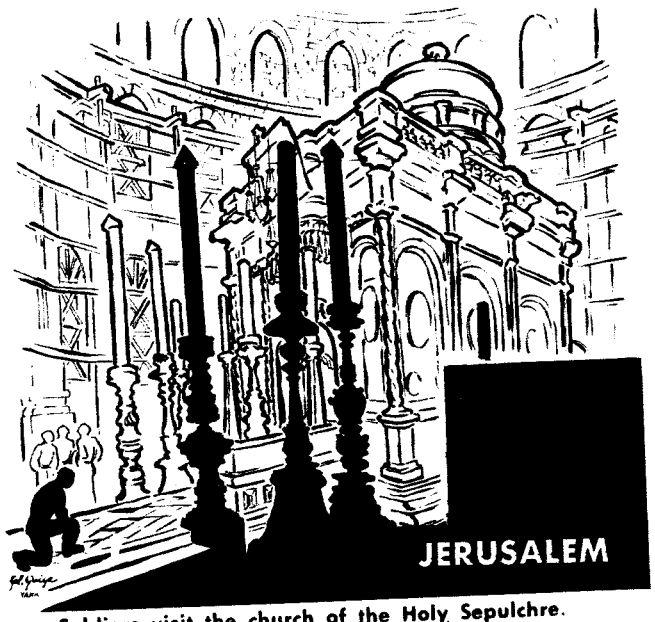
ENGLAND A tanker relays instructions.

—Sgt. Albert Gold



FRANCE A scene in the port of Cherbourg.

—Sgt. Albert Gold

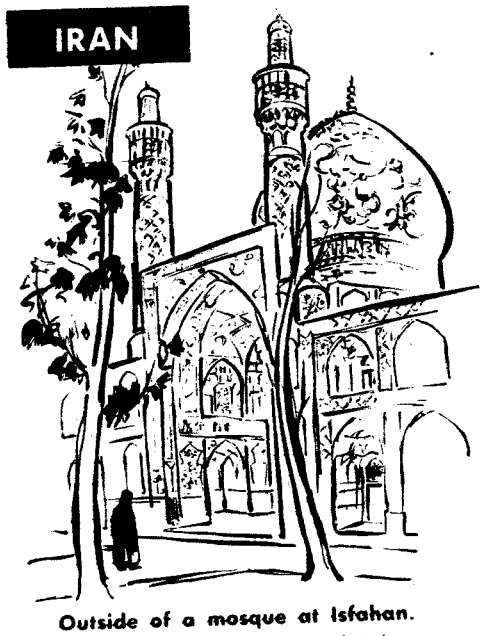


JERUSALEM

Soldiers visit the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

—Cpl. Richard Gaige

IRAN



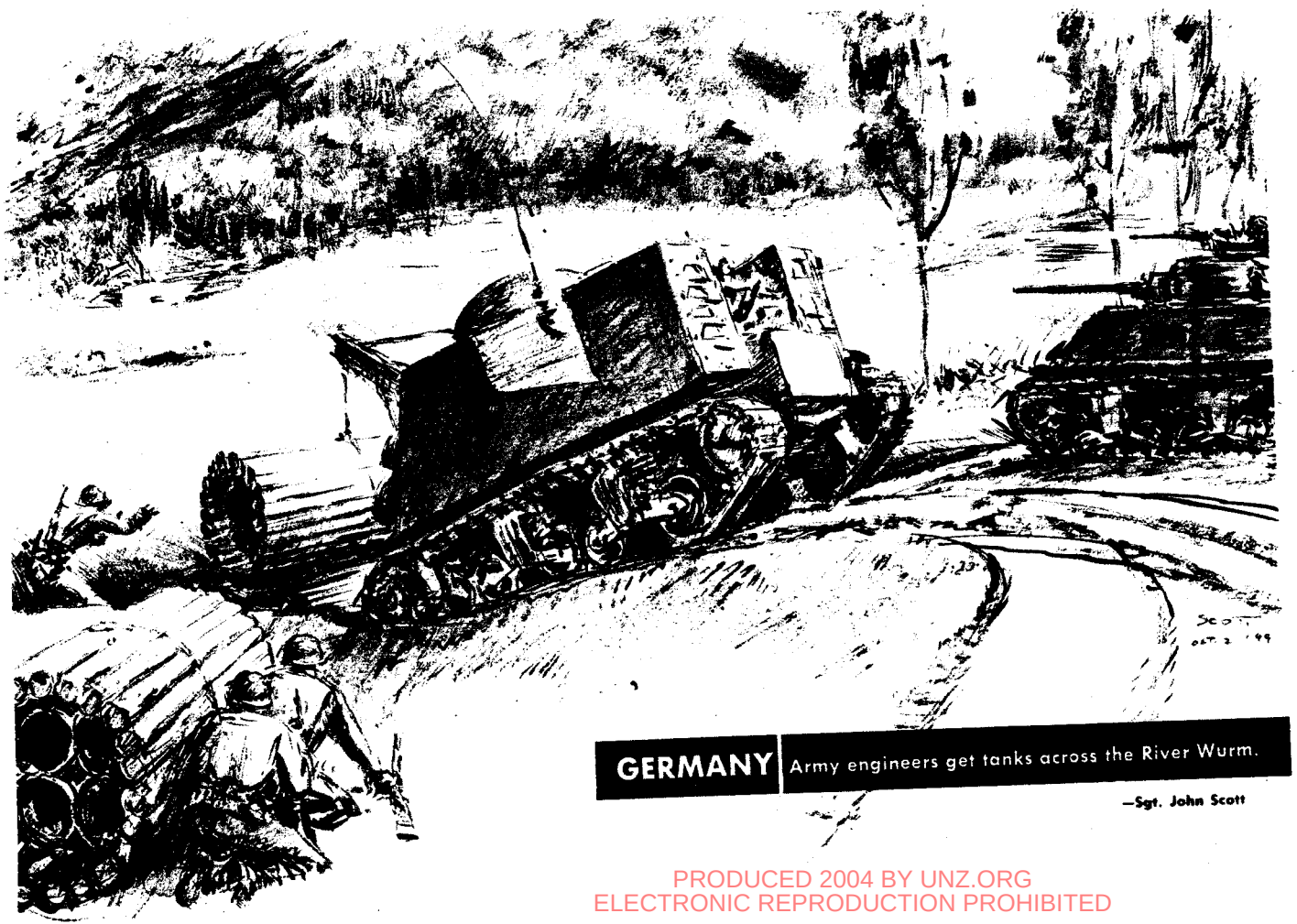
Outside of a mosque at Isfahan.

—Cpl. Richard Gaige

CHINA

A Chinese soldier on horseback in the field.

—Pvt. John G. Hanlin



GERMANY Army engineers get tanks across the River Wurm.

—Sgt. John Scott

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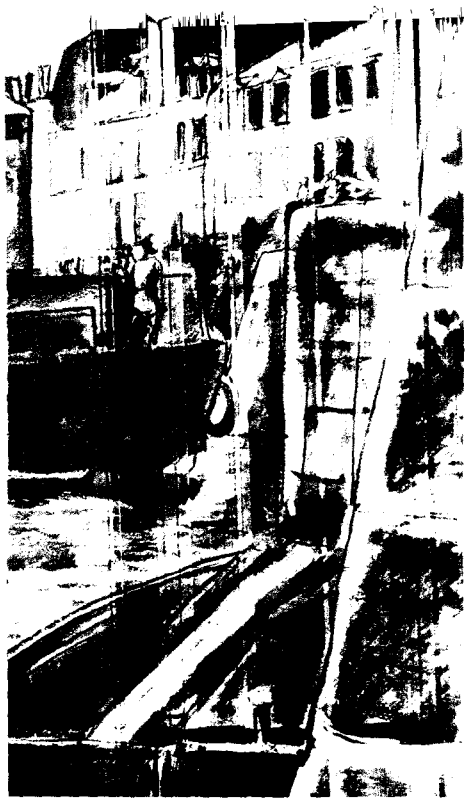
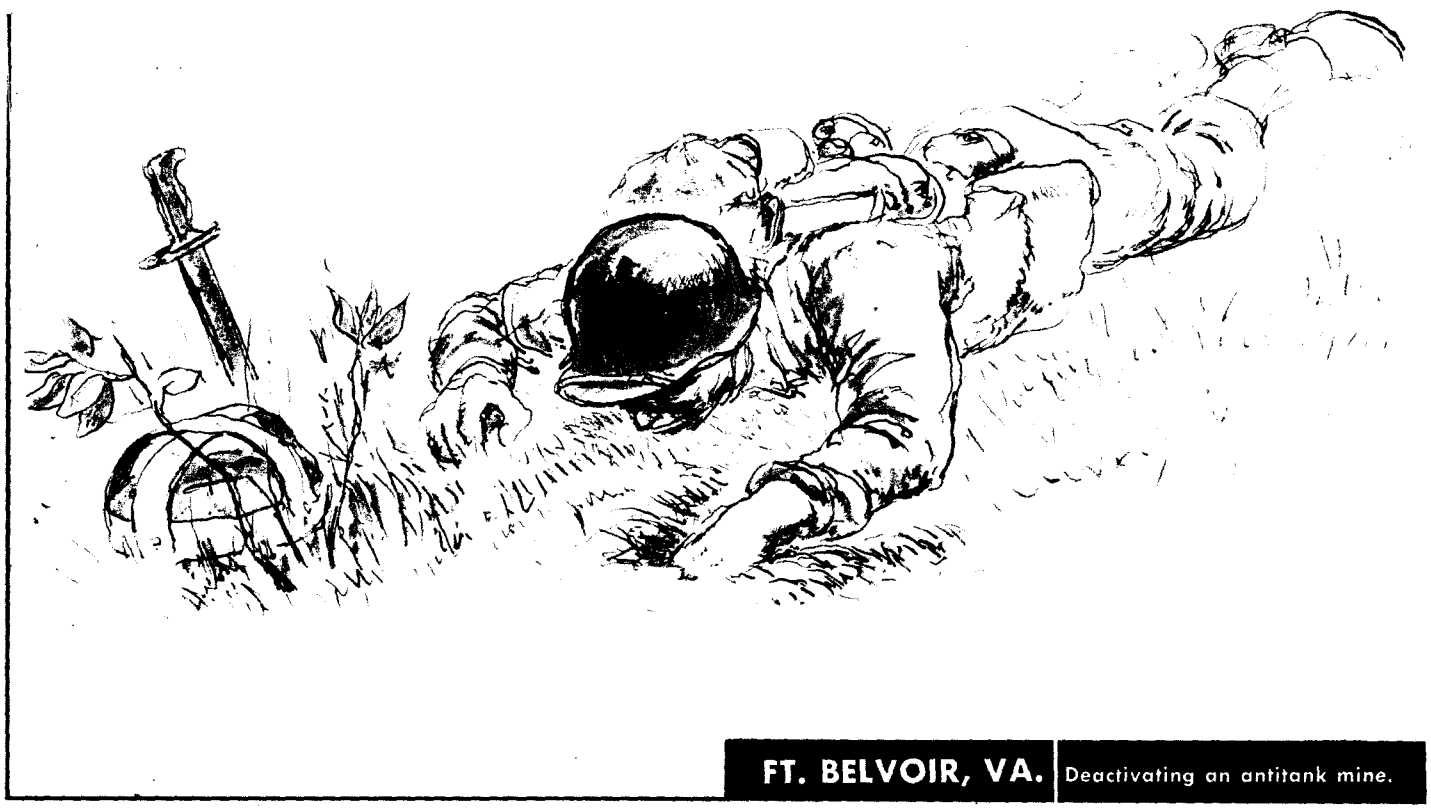




FT. BELVOIR, VA. Deactivating an antitank mine.

—Pvt. Marshall Davis

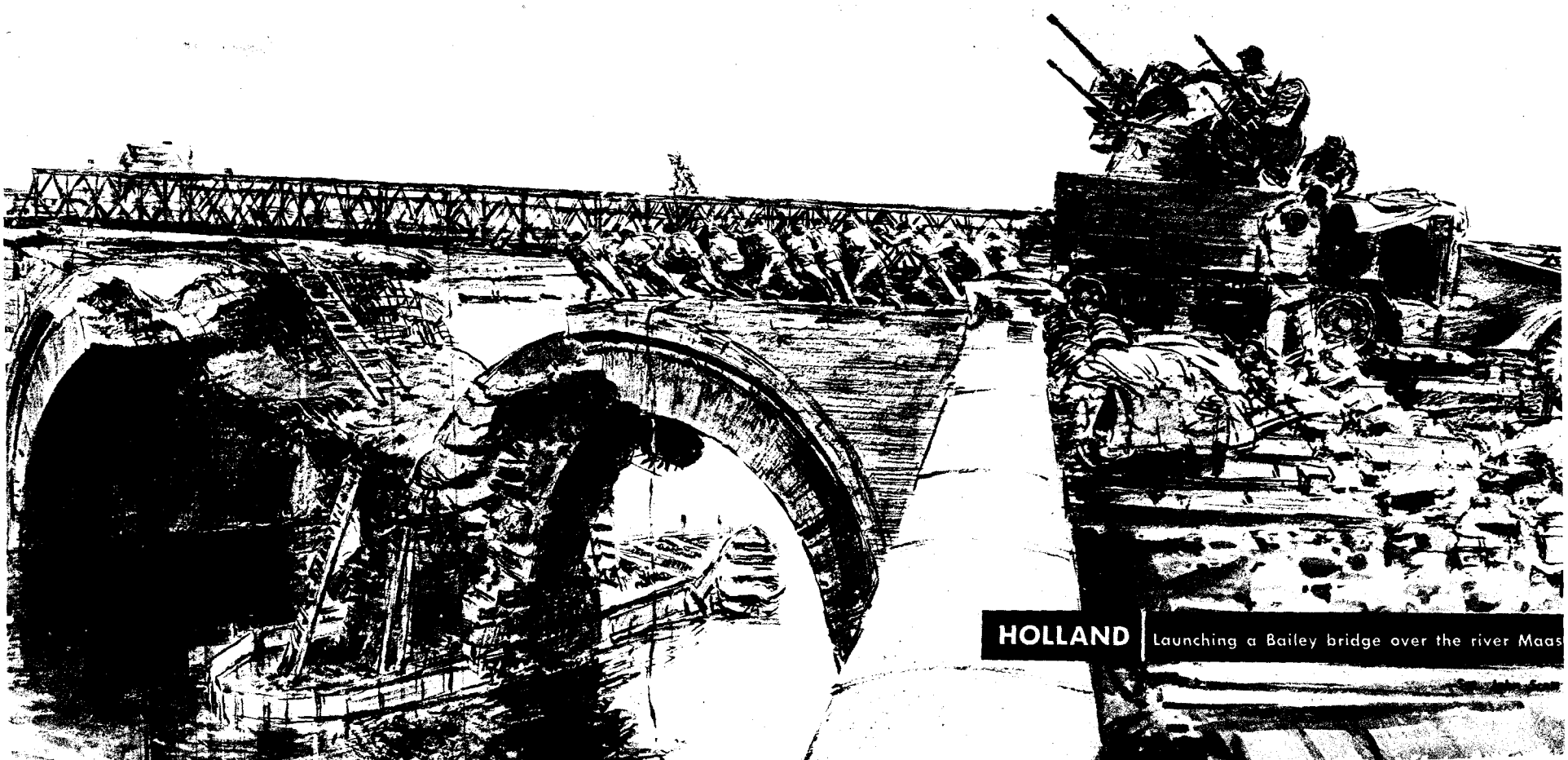
ORLANDO AAB, FLA.

For the Wacs, too, showers are luxuries in hot weather.
—Cpl. Anne T. Cleveland

Two Wacs roast weenies to supplement their diet.
—Cpl. Anne T. Cleveland

FT. BELVOIR, VA.

A soldier in training with the engineers.
—Pvt. Marshall Davis



HOLLAND Launching a Bailey bridge over the river Maas

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After the wreckage of Aachen was cleared from the streets and its citizens were registered the city was faced with a new job, its re-education in democracy.

Re-education

The wreckage of Germany is more than broken buildings and torn-up streets; it is the people of Germany, too. To save the youngest generation, to wean it away from Nazism, Military Government has set up schools with liberal, honest teaching.

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AACHEN, GERMANY—The re-education of Germany has begun at Aachen. Boys and girls, who have known no leader except Hitler, no law except Nazi law, come from cellars, down broken streets to hear the strange new teaching that Germans are not born to rule the world.

This historic city on the Belgian border is the first in which Allied authorization has been given to reopen schools. By this decision Aachen becomes a laboratory that will help shape the pattern of whatever new Germany arises from the ruins inherited from Hitler. The war of bombs and bullets which raged so fiercely over this first German citadel captured by the Americans has given way to a new war of ideas.

The effort to de-hoodlumize young Germans is an experiment that all the world will watch. The principles that are tried and found good in Aachen will be applied to other parts of Germany.

Children who have been spoon-fed on the heady brown-shirt pablum of German superiority are learning for the first time that they are lucky under the circumstances to have any share at all in the world, much less boss it.

They are hearing in the simplest ways of the democratic concepts of good and bad; they are hearing for the first time of the real reasons for the misery that has overtaken Germany. Children listen in silence. There is no way of knowing how much of this startling new doctrine they believe.

These boys and girls, carrying new books, picking their way through the wreckage to patched-up schoolhouses have seen within a few months their houses fall, their city fall, their government fall. They have watched the population of Aachen dwindle from 165,000 to 19,000. They seem skeptical that anything is permanent.

It was here, to ancient Aachen where lie the bones of the Emperor Charlemagne, dead for more than 1,000 years, that Hitler came in 1932, with swaggering promises of a New German Empire. Hitler shouted, "Give me five years and you will not recognize Germany."

Now people look sadly at the rubble of their city, which is 85 percent destroyed, and they look with respect at the Allied guns. And they say that they never were Nazis—never, never, cross their hearts, did they really believe in Hitler.

And the children? Well, say the people of Aachen, their own children are all right but the neighbor's children are likely to be a problem. You know how it is, they explain, a bad idea is likely to take deep root in a child—that is, of course, in a neighbor's child, where conceivably there was a little Nazi influence in the home.

That is a remarkable thing in Aachen and in Germany. The Nazis always live in the next house, or the next town. When the war ended, 90,000,000 Nazis moved down the street a ways.

The German children have made a fast comeback. They grin, and sometimes, they make the V-sign when they ask for "Chocolate, onckle." The Nazis? Oh, yes, they remember hearing of the Nazis, but, off-hand, they don't remember knowing a single one.

Yet, older boys have been steeped for years in Nazi rituals. They were taught that the Germans are superior to all other peoples; that war is good and glorious; that to become an *SS* trooper is to fulfill a boy's highest ambition. They goose-stepped; they roared their love of the *Fuehrer* in hoarse Nazi marching songs; they spit at the mention of democracies and Franklin Roosevelt. They took pride in pushing people around.

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A German school teacher, carefully selected by the AMG, conducts the first lesson in an Aachen classroom, giving her pupils some democratic ABCs.

# of Germany

Whether time and training can ever make decent citizens of these German boys between 12 and 16 is anybody's guess, and authorities of the Military Government aren't too optimistic. Now, like their parents, these children look at the Allied guns and they say—most of them—that the Allies are strong and the Allies are good.

When they say it, it sounds like someone reciting a poem which he doesn't understand. The only thing they understand for sure are Allied guns. The re-education of Germany began with Allied bombs and the Allied guns.

Further, these older German children are sure the Military Government means business. There has been almost no vandalism by young Germans in Aachen since the city fell on October 20, 1944. When a young German does throw a rock at an Allied soldier, or scrawls a note of Nazi defiance on a wall, the Military Government cracks down hard. The young Germans got the idea fast. The Allies weren't fooling.

With the younger German children, those 11 and younger, the outlook is more hopeful. The Nazis had too much on their hands the last couple of years to worry much about indoctrination. And, too, there are indications that it will be possible to remold the thinking of kids at these ages.

So far, Aachen's schools have been reopened only to 750 children between the ages of 6 and 10, through the first four grades. Classes in the other four grades will be opened later—just when no one knows. It depends, among other things, on how effectively denazification of the younger students proceeds.

The teaching staff includes two men and 24 women. All were screened carefully by intelligence officials. Their work will be supervised and checked. None, according to the investigators, were linked with the Nazi Party.

Of the students returning to school, Ernest Gilles was picked by his teachers as typical in training and environment. He is 10 years old. He lives with his mother in a house that has been bombed but partly repaired.

Ernest had no brothers or sisters. His father, a private in the German Army in Italy, had not been heard from in eight months. During the heaviest Allied air attacks, and during the fighting for the city, Ernest lived with 33 other persons in a cellar. He could not remember a time in which there had been no war.

Ernest, thin and tall for his age, was questioned through an interpreter. Like his schoolmates, he didn't recall knowing any Nazis.

The questions and answers:

Q. What do you want to be when you grow up?
A. A painter. I want to paint rivers.
Q. Why don't you want to be a soldier?
A. Soldiers get shot by other soldiers.
Q. Do you know what has happened to Hitler?
A. I hear that he poisoned himself. As people are telling, he is not alive. But some say he has hidden himself.
Q. Did you admire Hitler?
A. I am not a Nazi.
Q. All right, but did you admire or like Hitler?
A. My home is gone and my father is gone.
Q. Do you know who Roosevelt was?
A. Roosevelt was the American *Fuehrer*. He is dead.
Q. Do you know who took Roosevelt's place?
A. No one took his place. He was the *Fuehrer*.
Q. Isn't someone carrying on in Roosevelt's job?
A. Yes, the strong Gen. Eisenhower.
Q. Do you have any idea how American boys live?
A. No.
Q. Do you know the name of the capital of the U. S.?
A. New York.
Q. Were you glad when the war ended?
A. I was glad that I would not have to go back to the cellar.
Q. Did you know that the German Armies all were defeated—that they all surrendered?
A. The Americans had many guns and many Jews.
Q. Do you want to continue to live in Aachen?
A. The bombs have left Aachen dirty. As the people are telling, there are chocolates and motor cars in New York.
Q. Has anyone told you anything about democracy?
A. The teachers are telling about it.
Q. Are you interested in what you hear about democracy?
A. It does not sound like so much fun as singing.

When Ernest said good-bye, he clicked his heels and bowed from the waist.

The scholastic training of Ernest and his

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Dr. Karl Beckers, new director of Aachen schools, addresses children and parents as the schools reopen.

schoolmates is carried out by a school director and a school council of five men, all Germans. Their decisions, of course, are subject to approval by the Military Government.

In the gray stone building which houses the Military Government and Aachen's municipal offices—the same building which once housed the *Gestapo* school director—the school council and the mayor of Aachen met to consult with the Military Government on the final plans for the schools' opening. The meeting opened on an almost jovial note. The mayor, or *Oberbuergermeister*, Dr. Wilhelm Rombach, thanked all present for their interest. He genially expressed confidence that everything was in able hands.

Then Maj. John P. Bradford spoke for the Military Government. Slim and slight, with a .45 at his hip, the major put both fists on the table, leaned forward and talked turkey. As he talked, the Germans quit beaming at each other. They looked solemn. Maj. Bradford was putting it on the line. He said:

"You teachers have a great opportunity. You are to be allowed to teach the German youth, to re-educate it, to turn it away from the baseness of Nazism. The Nazis have brought upon this world a war which has killed millions of Germans; a war which has killed millions of men from other countries who were forced to fight to prevent its evil from encompassing them. By fighting and dying these men have saved the world from Nazism and have indeed saved the German people.

"But you have been freed from Nazism not through your own efforts. Now you are being given a chance to save your own youth. The hope of the German people can be in its youth, and that hope rests upon what you will do with its youth. It is up to you.

"The immediate future of Germany may be black, and some of you may be hungry, but do not let anyone say it is because the Allies did not bring in food for you. Remember the Nazi Party, by resisting so long, has caused the disruption of the entire transportation system of Germany. And remember that long before Nazism, the inbred militarism and the super-race fallacy helped create the debacle Germany brought on herself."

Mayor Rombach squinted through the window, removed his monocle and put it on a table. He did not look at Maj. Bradford, bent forward at the end of the table. The major continued, calling the roll of German crimes.

"You yourselves must find a way out, and you can do it by teaching your children to honor true and honest ways of life, by giving them a courage and purpose that will lead to fellowship with other peoples instead of a false belief of superiority over them.

"Do not be misled by the thought that people of Allied countries are making any great distinction between those who were Nazis and the rest of the German people. The rest of the world has seen and suffered too intimately from the great fascist onslaught, which could have lasted so long and created such a horror only because behind its forces was the whole power of the German people. They know that to be faced by the Nazis alone would have been nothing if the strength and blind loyalty of the German people had not been fighting for the Nazi purpose."

As Maj. Bradford concluded, Mayor Rombach restored the monocle to his eye. Then, hastily, he put it back in his vest pocket.

Dr. Karl Beckers, a Catholic, was selected as Director of Schools. He is 67 years old, and has spent 40 of his years as a teacher. He was removed as a teacher by the Nazis back in 1937 because one of his parents happened to be Jewish. He belongs politically to the conservative center-right, as does *Oberbuergermeister* Rombach.

"Please remember," said Dr. Beckers, "that German children, and German people, do not know what has happened in the world for 12 years. We know only the Nazi versions.

"The reasons for the catastrophe that has overtaken Germany must be explained truthfully to children. We do not want to refill their minds with horror, but we must explain what they do not understand. This will be hard."

Schools are using as textbooks reprinted versions of the same books that were used by the Weimar Republic before the Hitler regime. Courses include reading, speech, arithmetic, music, drawing, physical training and religion. No history is being taught yet. Textbooks state: "This is the best book which could be found in the circumstances and must serve until Germany produces better textbooks of its own."

The old Nazi books were filled, of course, with blood-and-thunder eulogies of Hitler the statesman; Hitler the warrior; Hitler, the charming little boy, who loved his papa and mama and war. Appropriately, almost all the Nazi books, in some place, showed a picture of a hog gorging himself at a trough, shying away the little pigs.

Books now in use tell of Snow White, Cinderella, Gold Marie, who was a good girl and was showered with gold, and Pitch Marie, who was a stinker and was showered with pitch.

From everyday reading, from the problems that arise in class, the teachers attempt, often haltingly, to furnish a new interpretation of good and bad.

"We need," said Dr. Beckers, "to replace the mystic trappings of Nazism with something concrete and good. We must fill the void left by the elimination of Hitler and militarism. We must teach these boys and girls that they have a kinship with the world; that their future lies with that of all the people everywhere and not with that of a 'greater Germany.' "

There seemed to be in Aachen a lack of agreement about the "something concrete and good" to replace the defeated concepts of Nazism. Many people in Aachen talked glibly of this new concept of good, but few people seemed to know exactly what it was or how it would be explained to children. Or explained at all.

Teachers whose work is carefully supervised by the Military Government do their best with books on hand. But it is hard to translate high-sounding phrases into simple illustrations for boys and girls who are hearing strange new ideas for the first time. And it is hard to make Cinderella sound like a great democrat, or to make a pumpkin coach as exciting as a *Volkswagen*.

Children sit at their desks and listen.

There is Peter, who wants to be a tailor and buy an American motor bike; there is Charles, who likes to model pillboxes out of clay; there is Barbara, who is afraid of grown-ups and wants always to be a little girl, and Ernest, who thinks democracy is not so much fun as singing.

The children listen quietly, seldom offering comment, to puzzling lessons commonplace in most lands: that good people do not attack their neighbors; that peace is preferable to war; that being a liar and a bully brings its own retribution (witness the Nazis); that it is inviting trouble to stone an old lady because she is Polish or Czechoslovakian or Jewish.

They hear of strange lands where the people choose their own leaders and where the loser is not shot.

Discipline is good. The classrooms are orderly.

"There will be no trouble with the smaller children," said Dr. Beckers. "With the older children, it may be necessary to be very firm. Even in dealing out punishment in the classroom, we shall try to use democracy. Sometimes, when a boy or girl causes trouble in the classroom, we will let the class decide how to best punish the culprit. I am opposed to whipping, except in the most extreme cases."

The children are attentive, but they seem confused. When a plane passes overhead, they look at each other and toward the teacher and toward the door. They have seen much, and they do not know what to believe.

This is an old school scarred by war. It has sent out as citizens thousands of German boys and girls. Most of the boys who sat at these desks have become soldiers and Nazis.

The children can look up from their lessons in inadequate books and see from the windows the shattered town; the spires of the cathedral still standing and the winding road that leads to the great war cemetery.

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When Gen. Eisenhower hit New York its people gave him a great welcome as he rode through the streets.

EISENHOWER DISCUSSES THE WAR

IN two full-dress interviews in Paris and Washington, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower talked about some of the high spots of the campaign for Europe and about certain post-VE-Day questions. It's been generally agreed that the interviews were pretty historic. Here are highlights of the general's talks to the press in the two Allied capitals.

From the standpoint of the soldiers, they are tired of the war. They are tired of it, of course—all of them, British, American and French. They are not articulate about it, but I know one thing: They have got an earnest hope for peace. It is my conviction that they believe that if the same forbearance and good-will is applied all through our countries, the United Nations, in meeting the problems of peace, we ought to be fully as successful in peace as we were in war.

There is going to be a lot written about this war. Many of you here present are going to analyze various methods through your acquaintanceship with staff officers, and with what had happened you are going to know much about the basis of decisions—when they were taken, why they were taken and other things that other people don't know. . . . If I could urge upon you one thing to study carefully, it is this: the value of integrated tactical power in war.

Now, I don't mean to use 10-dollar expressions. What I am trying to get at is this: There is no such thing as a separate "air" war or a separate "sea" war or "logistic" war or any other branch.

One thing I think I have a right to speak about since the war in Europe is done is to refer briefly to the Japanese war. The reason I would like to put in a boost in pulling for maximum effort against Japan is based strictly upon my own experience. When you apply maximum effort, your losses are minimized. If you put one regiment to attack a well-defended battalion you are going to have serious losses, but when you apply overwhelming force, overwhelming artillery, overwhelming air power to that thing, you have no losses. They are negligible, at least. No one arm, no service, no two can do the job alone. If we have proved anything in Europe, we have proved that in the integration of the fighting services and supply come efficiency, rapidity in operations and a minimum in losses, and I am certain that we now as citizens—because in looking at that [Pacific] war I have no part in it officially; I am just another citizen—looking at it I believe that everyone of us that studies this business of war and believes he understands it in the slightest bit should pump and pull for maximum effort to get the thing done with and save lives.

After making formal statements to the press in Paris and Washington, Gen. Eisenhower threw the interviews open to questions and answers. Here are some of them.

Q. There seems to be a large campaign in a number of places to talk about a "Russo-American war." There is nothing in your experience with the Russians that leads you to feel we can't cooperate with them perfectly?

A. On my level, none. I have found the individual Russian one of the friendliest persons in the world. He likes to talk with us, laugh with us. He loves to laugh, and I have talked to many British officers and they find him the same way.

In an atmosphere of that kind, it has its effects. The peace lies, when you get down to it, with all the peoples of the world, not just for the moment with some political leader who is trying to direct the destiny of a country along a certain line. If all the peoples are friendly, we are going to have peace.

Q. With tens of thousands of your men going across the country to the Pacific in the next few months, have you any tip you would like to give the home folks about what we can give them?

A. The only thing is for goodness sake don't psychoanalyze them. They are perfectly normal human beings. They have been through a lot and very naturally they want a pat on the back and they want to be told they are pretty good fellows, and they are. But they want to be treated just like they were treated when they went away.

Q. From the enemy's viewpoint, which day and what event would you say constituted the last straw that broke the camel's back? When was it perfectly obvious that the jig was up?

A. From everything that we can find, from their own statements, they knew it—the professionals knew the jig was up—on the third day after the Rundstedt offensive had started in the Ardennes. They knew then that they could not go where they intended. If they could not get complete surprise and drive clear through to Liege and then drive on behind Antwerp, then there was not much they could do.

Q. What was the most worried night you had in the last three years?

A. Well, to tell you the truth, I believe it was the night we first attacked in North Africa. There were so many confusing factors involved.

Remember, we went in there as friends. We hoped to make an ally. But we had to go prepared to fight if necessary to make a great show of strength. We hoped that if we made a show of overpowering strength, the Germans would not hold that part of France that was then unoccupied and would let it alone.

That was one thing. The next, it was an amphibious operation I undertook and all of us were more nervous about it, I think, than later we became.

Lastly, we were trying to do a lot with very little and the weather on the west coast was abominable, and we did not know what we were going to run into over there. And a fourth reason, communications were so poor. In the Mediterranean we found that the radio practically does not work. I should say that the most worried night I spent during the war was the night of November 7 or 8—November 7, I believe—1942.

Q. Are you convinced Hitler is dead?

A. Well, to tell you the truth, I'm not. I was at first. I thought the evidence was quite clear. But when I actually got to talk to my Russian friends, I found they weren't convinced. . . . I don't know. The only thing I am sure of is what I said in my Paris interview: If he is not dead, he must be leading a terrible life for a man that was the arrogant dictator of 250,000,000 people, to be hunted like a criminal and afraid of the next touch on his shoulder.

Q. General, had you expected the war to end in Europe when it did?

A. No. For once in my life I am going to defend myself. On October 20, 1943, I made a bet that the war in Europe would terminate in 1944. Well, I have been jeered at a little bit because I missed it four months. But I just want to ask you this: Under the conditions, if you will go back to October, 1943, how many people believed that we were going to be able to invade Europe successfully and rush forward like we did? What I was expressing was a tremendous confidence in our ability to get across the Channel and whip the German. I thought we could do it in the next year. Well, I was wrong by four months.

Q. Would you care to go back to 1942 and give some evaluation of the German commanders who opposed you?

A. To my mind, Gen. von Rundstedt was the most accomplished soldier we met.

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By Pvt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer

ABILENE, KANSAS—It was a hot June day—hot even for Kansas—and the wide, clean streets of Abilene (pop., 6,000) were sizzling. The streets were empty except for a few kids who were putting up last-minute decorations on the post office. There were signs in every shop window and they all said the same thing: "Welcome Home, Ike."

Jonah Callahan's drugstore was the busiest place in town. So many people were drinking cokes that Jonah had run out of glasses. Back in a corner a bunch of men sat in their shirt sleeves chewing the fat.

"I hope it don't rain tomorrow," said Ed Graham, head of the parade committee, "and yet I hope it isn't too hot either."

"That's all it would have to do—rain," Sam Heller said. "Everything else has happened. The Chamber of Commerce ordered pictures of Ike and the damned Kansas City printers sent down 3,000 of them with Ike only having four stars."

"Dwight won't mind," Jonah Callahan said. "He was never one for ceremony."

The men at the table, all of whom had known Ike as a boy, started reminiscing. Phil Heath, the 74-year-old postmaster who had had a big hand in sending the young Eisenhower boy to West Point, told about the time Ike came in to see about going to the Academy.

"I was running the town paper then and one night after supper a tall boy dressed in a light gray suit came into the office. 'I'm Dwight Eisenhower,' he said. 'I want to go to West Point. Someone told me that you might be able to help me out.'

"Well, as it happened, Joe Bristow from Salina was our senator that year. Joe was a Progressive and so was I. In fact, some of you might remember, I was the only blasted Progressive in Abilene.

"I tried to disillusion young Eisenhower because I knew Joe had about 10 fellows up for the Academy appointment, but the boy wouldn't disillusion. He just let me rave on and on and when I finished, he grinned and said, 'I still want to go to West Point, Mr. Heath.'

"He was an ambitious kid and likable even if his father wasn't on my side politically, so I put his name down. I found out that he was a pretty smart student and a hard worker, so when Joe Bristow asked me which boy I thought should get the appointment I named young Eisenhower."

"The way I remember Dwight is down in the furnace room of the creamery," said Paul Hoffmann, whose father was a partner in the Belle Springs Creamery where Ike once worked. "He always had some kind of a book in his hands. I was about four years younger than Dwight and always thought it funny that a football player read books."

"Well, he didn't have the book with him at left tackle," recalled Orrin Snyder, an Abilene farmer who had coached the high school football team. "But he sure was the grinningest football player I ever seen. He grinned when he tackled, grinned when he got hit—he grinned all the time."

On the green lawn of 201 South 4th Street, Johnny Wilson, aged 6, was doing somersaults. "Ike lives here," said Johnny. "And Ike's coming home tonight and he's a five-star general."

"You'd better stop showing off and get off the Eisenhowers' lawn," said Mary Helen, Johnny's 9-year-old sister.

The Eisenhower home is a white, two-story frame house with a roomy porch. It is similar to many other Abilene homes. In the front living room there are a comfortable couch, two easy chairs, an old-fashioned bookcase and a Morris chair. The furniture in this room, like most of that in the other rooms, is the same as in the days when the six Eisenhower boys were chasing each other around the house.

There are no best sellers or Book of the Month Club selections on the book shelves. Next to two fat volumes of the "Standard Book of Knowledge" stands a volume of Cowper's poems. Then come "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Faust," "The Essays of Marcus Aurelius" and Gunn's "New Family Physics or Home Book of Health." On the top shelf are three volumes of "The Library of Electrical Science" and six volumes entitled "A Treatise on Refrigeration and Icemaking Machinery." David Eisenhower and his son Dwight studied those books.

Beyond the living room there is a small, comfortable room where Ike's mother likes to sit and knit and where once the Eisenhower boys did their lessons. In one corner stands an old upright piano and on top of it are pictures of the six boys, several old song books and a family Bible presented to the Eisenhowers in 1885. The picture of Ike was taken when he was a one-star general. On the bottom of the picture the general had written: "To my parents with love and affection for their devoted love."

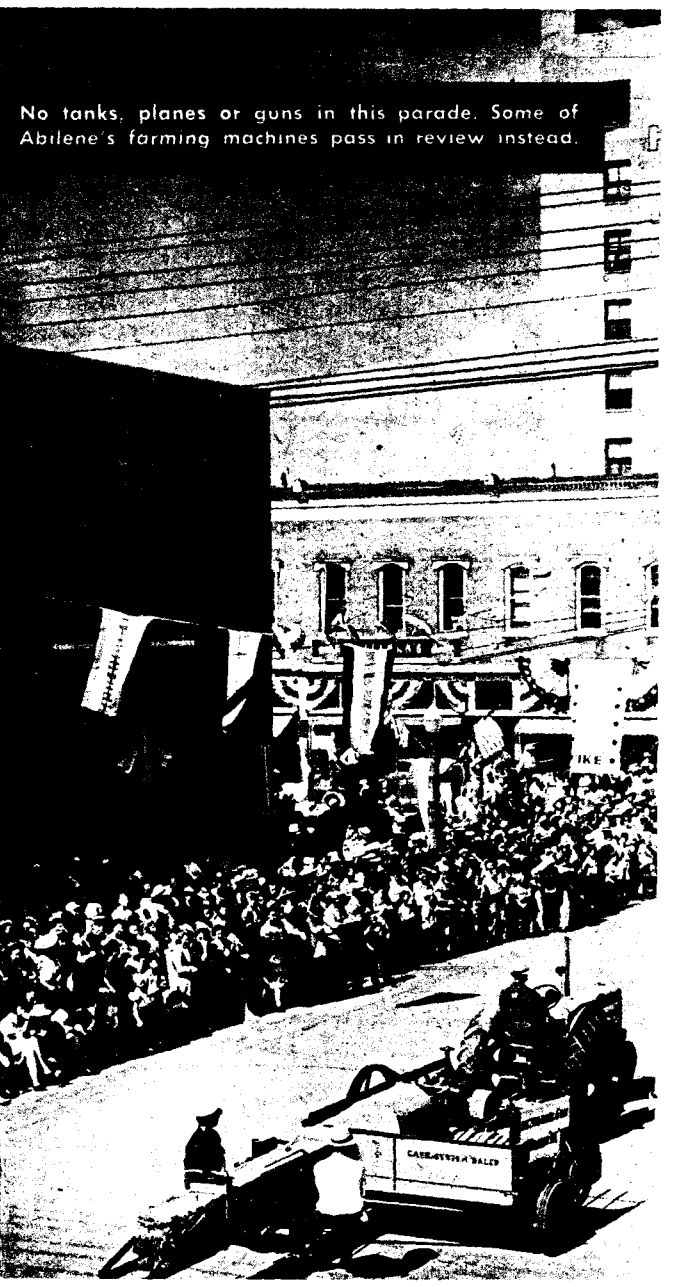
In the dining room was a table piled high with boxes and letters, most of them addressed: "General Eisenhower, Abilene, Kansas." Some were just addressed: "General Eisenhower, Kansas."

"There have been over 300 letters in the past two days," said Mrs. E. C. Tillotson, a neighbor who was looking after the house until Mrs. Eisenhower returned from her meeting with her son in Kansas City.

"This morning," Mrs. Tillotson said, "they sent a swanky car with an Army chauffeur here to take Mrs. Eisenhower to Kansas City. I was joking with her and I said, 'Ida, well, you're a big shot now.'

Ike in Abilene

Ike cuts the cake for his family after a big day in Abilene. Beside him are his son John and his wife.



No tanks, planes or guns in this parade. Some of Abilene's farming machines pass in review instead.

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"'No, I'm not. I'm just a boy's mother,' she said."

The general's train was due to arrive in Abilene at 9:30 that night, but by 8 o'clock the station platform was crowded and the MPs had formed a human rope to keep the people back. At one end of the platform was the Abilene town band, in cowboy costumes. Two pretty young drum majorettes flipped their batons in practice twirls and one red-headed, freckle-faced bandsman rattled his drum impatiently.

By 9:20 the whole town had gathered at the station. There were a few minutes of waiting and then from somewhere near the edge of town a whistle was heard over the babble of the crowd and a newly painted locomotive rumbled in. There were eight cars and the people had a clear view of all of them but they couldn't see Ike.

"Where's Ike?" several voices called out. Then, out of a window in one of the rear cars, an officer's cap appeared above a grinning face. The whole crowd must have spotted the general at the same moment, for suddenly a loud yell went up and the band started playing, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" and the drum majorettes began prancing and twirling their batons.

As soon as Ike hit the platform two dozen MPs formed a cordon around him and made for the swanky car that was to take him to the hotel. But Ike spotted Orrin Snyder and Jonah Callahan and went over and shook their hands.

"You got a little thin, Ike," Orrin Snyder said.

"Can't say the same for you," said the ex-left tackle to his well-padded coach.

Maj. H. F. Strowig handed Ike a huge wooden key to the city and the MPs started again to escort the general to the car. But Ike spotted one of the pretty drum majorettes and gave her a kiss, and somehow little Johnny Wilson managed to slip through the MP cordon and tug at the five-star's coat tails.

"Wanna see me do a somersault, Ike?" Johnny Wilson asked. For answer Ike bent down and kissed the top of Johnny's head.

By now he had walked far past the official car and started down Buckeye Street. The MPs tried to usher him back to the car but the general didn't want to go. "Hell, this ain't London or New York," somebody yelled into the MP officer's ear. "This is Ike's home and he wants to go visiting."

Ike went visiting. He walked down Buckeye, turned left on Second Street and then walked slowly back to the station. He kissed the girls, shook hands with everybody in sight and grinned from ear to ear. Then he went back to the train and they moved it down to a siding. Ike was in bed and asleep by 10.

At 10 the next morning the general climbed into a green, open car and started for the Lamer Hotel on Third Street. On the way he spotted T/Sgt. Walter Sapp, a fellow citizen of Abilene who had been a platoon leader with the 5th Division in France and Germany. "Climb in here, Walter," Ike said. "This is your day, too."

The sergeant got into the front seat and the Allied supreme commander made the ex-platoon leader stand up and take the bows.

The reviewing stand on the second floor of the Lamer Hotel was pretty different from the reviewing stands that Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower had been on in London, Paris, Washington and New York City. There wasn't any other brass except the general's aide, and most of the people on Third Street had known Ike all their lives.

As soon as the Eisenhower party was seated, a gun boomed and the parade began. It wasn't a military parade. It told the story of a barefoot boy's rise from fishing jaunts on nearby Mud Creek to command of the Allied expeditionary force that defeated Fascism in Western Europe. There were floats to show Ike's early school days, his high school football team, his years as a cadet at West Point and his latest military triumphs on the battlefields of Europe.

The parade told the story of Abilene, too—of the days when the town was the railhead for the Chisholm Trail, of the time when Wild Bill Hickok was sheriff. It ended up showing Abilene's agricultural contributions to this war.

Eisenhower reviewed this parade as he never had another. He clapped his hands, marked time to the music with his feet and saluted everybody in the parade but the prize bull that was led past. When the float with the members of the 1909 football team went by, he rose to his feet and there seemed to be a lump in his throat as he called out to his former teammates.

By noon the parade was over and the crowd moved out to Eisenhower Park—it was City Park originally, but got its new name last year—where the general made a short speech. For the first time the grin left his face.

"I am not a hero," he said. "I am merely a symbol of the heroes you sent across the sea. Take the soldiers to your heart as you have taken me."

After the speech, several ETO veterans with Purple Hearts climbed up on the platform and the general hugged the first one up and shook hands with the others.

When his car arrived back at the hotel, a pretty girl broke through the lines and started toward the general. "Lady," said a state trooper, "you can't see General Eisenhower now."

"I don't want to see Eisenhower," said the girl. "I want to see my husband."

Her husband was Sgt. Walter Sapp. She ran to him and they embraced and everybody, including the state trooper, laughed.

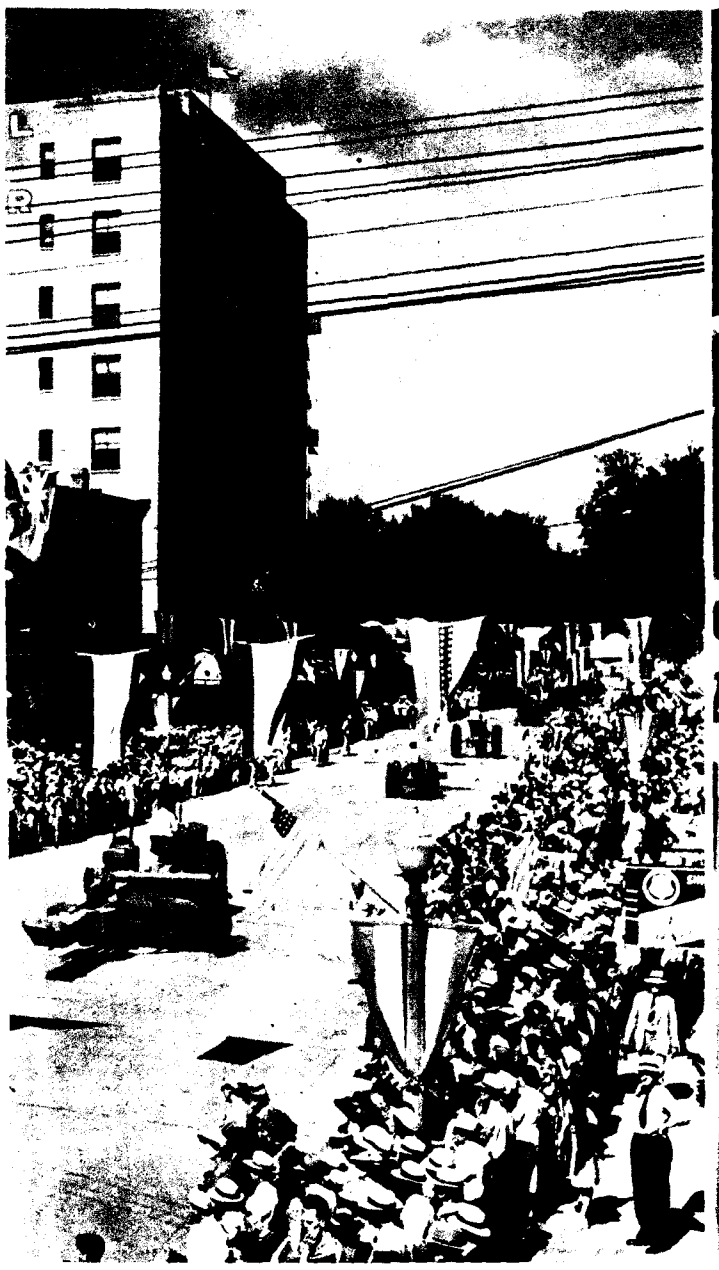
On the mezzanine of the Lamer Hotel the Eisenhower clan gathered for a reunion. There were 33 members of the family on hand. Ike sat at the center of the table.

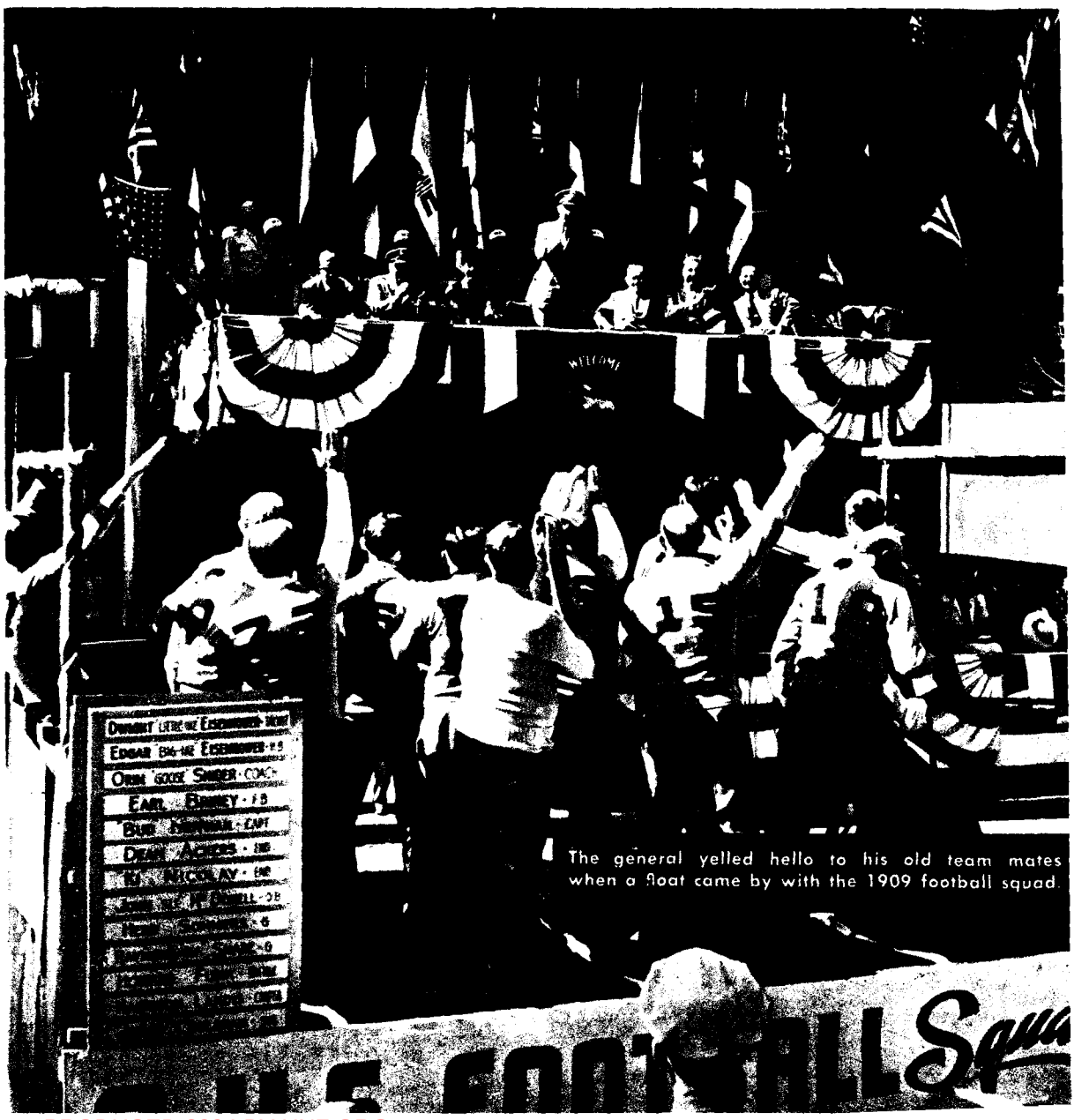
"Buddy," he said to his brother Earl's young son, "move your seat closer to the table so you can get a good look at your food."

A waitress brought in a huge cake decorated with 48 little American flags. Ike cut the cake and handed the first piece to his son John. All tenseness was gone from the general's tanned face and his eyes were soft. "Well, folks," he said, "let's eat."

The Old Man was finally home.

The general had seen welcomes in Paris and London and Washington and New York, but he got the warmest reception of all when he hit his boyhood home town, little Abilene, Kansas.





The general yelled hello to his old team mates when a float came by with the 1909 football squad.

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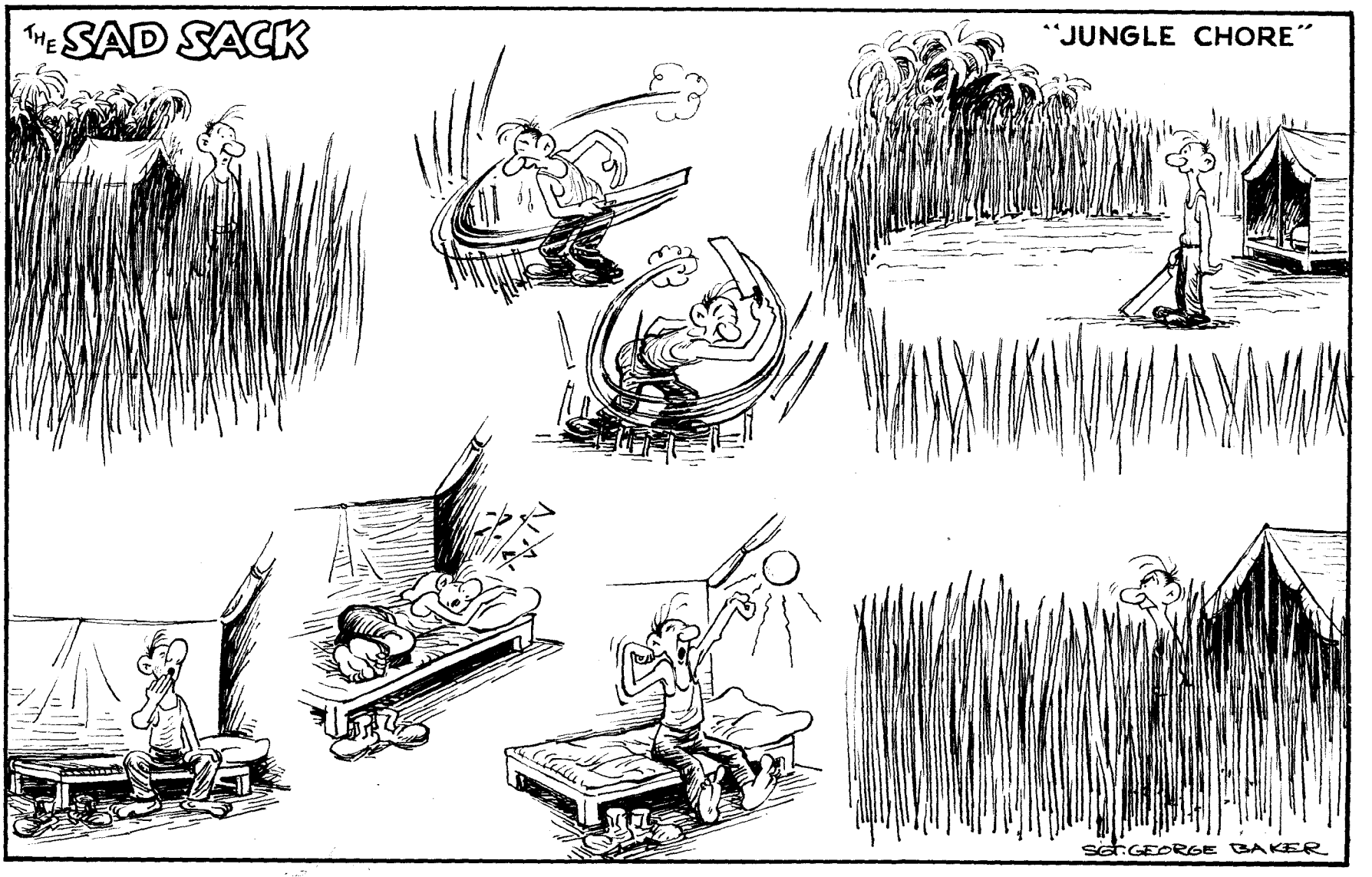


Hiyah, Fellahs!

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

ALEUTIANS—Hiyah, fellahs! This is Sally Coy again, bringing another program for you GI Joes in the Armed Forces overseas. These are the songs that you *want* to hear, you servicemen on duty with the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and that goes for you boys in the Coast Guard too! Well, look who's here! Why BONNIE BUXOM! (Applause) Well, Bonnie Buxom, what are you doing here?

Well, Sally Coy, and fellahs, this is Bonnie Buxom. I interrupted my work at the studio on my current picture to come all the way down here to the radio station, but I was only too glad to do it for you fighting men overseas. And now, for all you men in the foxholes and quonsets, on ships at sea, or in planes, or tanks, or jeeps, or afoot, I want to sing "Love Me Tonight."

(Her low alluring voice halts the war effort all over the world.)

Say, thanks a *lot*, Bonnie Buxom, for dropping down here tonight to sing for the soldiers and sailors and marines and coast guardsmen on all our far-flung fighting fronts! Well, look who's here! Why WALTER GAG (applause) what brings you here tonight?

(Eight minutes of bright dialogue about Frank Sinatra's health, Bing Crosby's horses, Rudy Vallee's age and Jack Benny's toupe.)

Thanks a *million*, Walter Gag, who is *such* a favorite with soldier boys overseas. And say, incidentally, I want to thank all you GI Joes who wrote me during the past week. Let me read one letter that I liked *specially* lots: "Dear Sally, meet me tonight, same place, same time. Love, Col. Flanagan." Oh dear no, that's not it—here it is: "Dear Sally, us guys in our hut sure think you're swell and we would like to hear Roy Acuff sing 'Blood on the Highway.'" Signed, The Sad Sacks of Hut 57. So now, for all you servicemen overseas with the armed forces on land, on the sea, and in the air, here's a number I specially like, "Come and Get Me!" How *about* that, fellahs? . . . Hmmm? . . .

(There's a commotion in the rear of the studio while she sings, loud voices and a sharp clatter like the sudden collapse of folding chairs.)

And now let's hear again from Bonnie Buxom, who came down here tonight especially to sing this number, "Why Not Take All Of Me," for the boys overseas in the armed forces, the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and for the Coast Guard too, in fact for all branches of our fighting forces overseas—

VOICE FROM REAR: Does 'at include the ol' beat-up paratroops from Italy on their way to the gahdam Pacific?

—uh, what? Who said that? Well, Bonnie Buxom, whom do you wish to dedicate this number to?

Well, Sally Coy, and fellahs, this is Bonnie Buxom, and I want to sing this number, "Why Not Take All Of Me," especially for all you boys in the foxholes tonight, wherever you are, and I only wish each one of you could be in Hollywood with us tonight. But anyhow we're sending you our love. So especially for you soldiers and sailors and—ouch! Leave go my arm!

VOICE: C'mon Bonnie honey, whyncha let that funny man carry on this program, an' let's us take off. I'm Sgt. McFee, an' this is Pvt. Dillon. Let's get goin', our furloughs is over tonight. Let's go up to yer apartment—you come too, Sally—an' we'll tell you gals how it was in Italy.

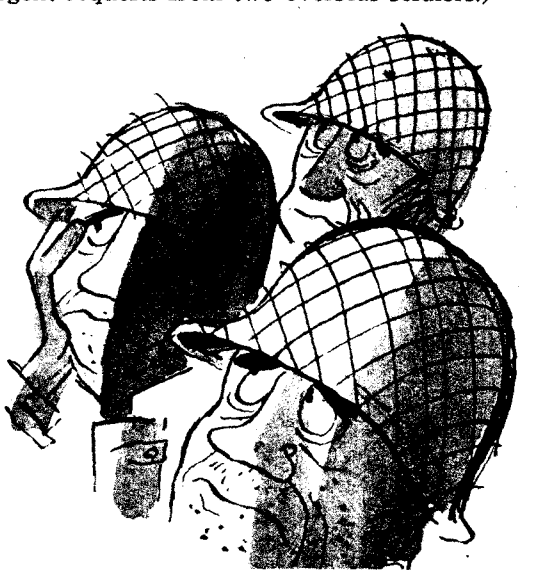
BONNIE: Stop, leggo—we're on the air, you dope! And now, for all you boys overseas . . .

SGT. McFEE: Tell 'em ya can't sing for 'em because yer takin' off with ol' Dillon an' McFee of the gahdam paratroops. They'll understand . . .

SALLY: Help, somebody! These guys are yelling into the microphone! Leave me alone, you ruffian! I *won't* leave here with you! Why, I don't even *know* you!

BONNIE: Shhh, quiet! And now, for all you soldiers and sailors and marines, and for you coast—hey, stop! Put me down, put me down I tell you . . .

(Scuffling sounds, and muffled screams, as Sally and Bonnie leave the studio in response to urgent requests from two overseas soldiers.)



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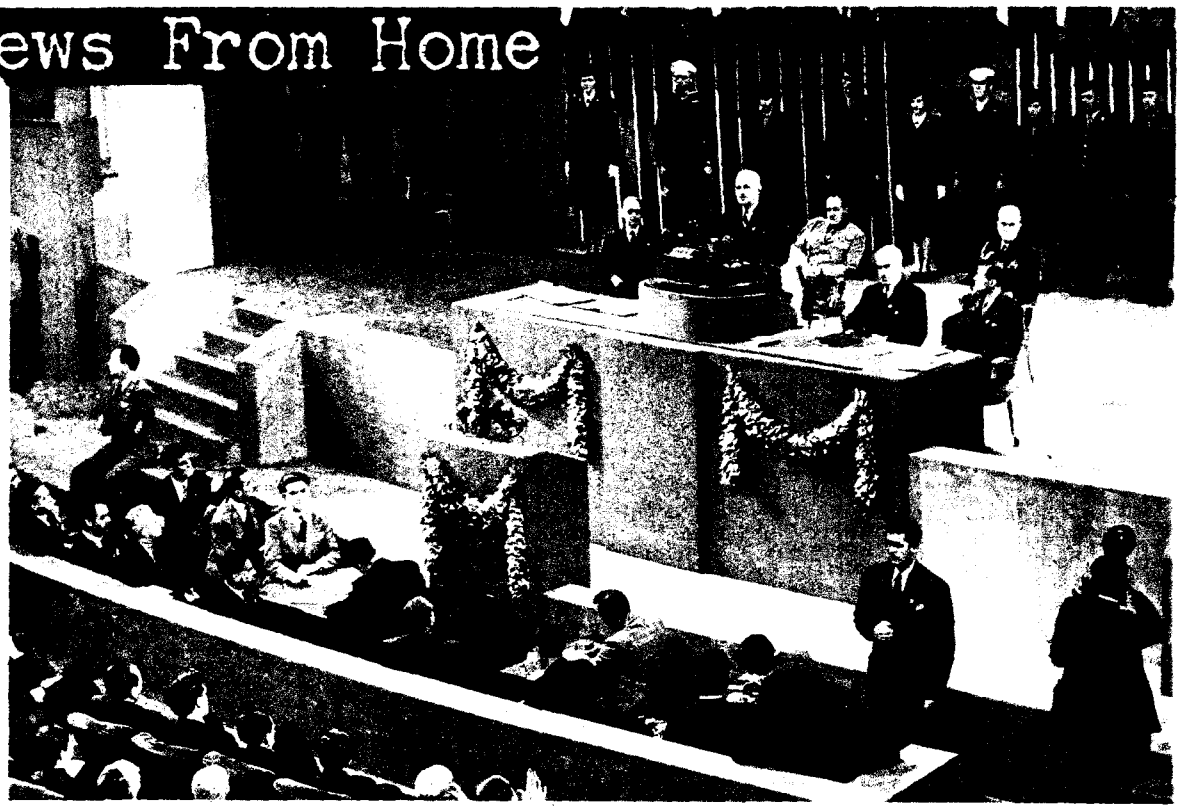
News From Home



President Truman addresses the closing session of the United Nations Conference in San Francisco.

Foreign policy was uppermost in American minds. From the look of things, the nation was on the point of tossing the isolationist policies of the 1920s and 1930s into the nearest ashcan and agreeing to continue in peacetime that cooperation with other democratic countries which had come about under the pressures of global war. The final decision on foreign policy was up to the U. S. Senate; the 96 members of that body had the nation's full and earnest attention.

After San Francisco. The members of the Senate rose to their feet and gave the big man with the owlish face what the papers called a "rousing ovation." The crowded galleries joined in the applause. The man who got the cheers was Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg [R., Mich.] and the reason for the applause was his speech in behalf of the new charter of the United Nations.

Sen. Vandenberg gave his speech directly after returning from San Francisco, where for two busy months he had served as a member of the American delegation to the UNCIO—the United Nations Conference on World Organization. The conference, Sen. Vandenberg told the Senate, had been a success. It had drawn up a charter which he thought the U. S. and all the United Nations could sincerely approve.

"If the spirit of its authors can become the spirit of its evolution," he said of the charter, "I believe it will bless the earth. I believe it serves the intelligent self-interest of the United States which knows, by bitter experience in the Valley of the Shadow of two wars in a quarter-century, that we cannot live entirely to ourselves."

Sen. Vandenberg, it was generally agreed, was not speaking for himself alone. The late President Roosevelt had picked him for San Francisco at least partly because Vandenberg has long been acknowledged to be the Republican party's chief spokesman on foreign affairs. In GOP counsels his word carries weight, and his endorsement of the charter, observers said, meant that many Republicans would follow him in voting for its ratification.

To make the U. S. a member of the new organization, approval of two-thirds of the Senate is necessary. To help obtain its approval, President Truman made a personal appeal to the Senate. Sen. Tom Connally [D., Tex.], chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, enthusiastically predicted that there wouldn't be 10 opposition votes. He foresaw favorable Senate action by August 1.

More than U. S. ratification is required to make the charter binding. The constitution of the new world security organization must be approved by all the "Big Five"—Russia, Britain, China and France in addition to the U. S.—and by 23 of the other United Nations. There wasn't much doubt, it was believed on this side of the water, that the necessary global majority could be obtained.

Cabinet Change. When the new world organization is set up, the American member of the Security Council (the most powerful part of the proposed set-up) will be ex-Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. Stettinius stepped down as head of the State Department as soon as the San Francisco conference ended. His resignation had been generally predicted, and his successor —James F. Byrnes—was no surprise either.

The former South Carolina senator and Supreme Court justice has risen steadily in national influence and importance during the past year. He left the court to become "assistant president" at Franklin D. Roosevelt's request. War mobilization was his special field, but as one of the late President's closest advisers he made the trip to Yalta for what proved to be the last Roosevelt-Churchill-Stalin meeting. He resigned public office just before tragic events brought Harry S. Truman into the White House, but few have doubted that he would be recalled to Washington.

The Byrnes appointment brought to five the number of Truman men in the cabinet. Washington commentators say that further changes are on the way. They also predict that there will be changes within the State Department now that Byrnes is at the helm.

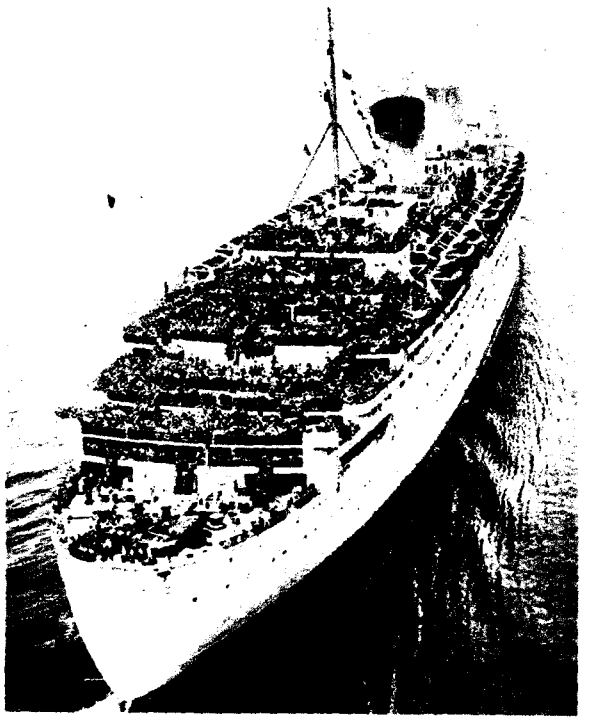
Presidential Travels. Except for a melancholy trip to Hyde Park for President Roosevelt's funeral, President Truman stuck close to the White House during the first two months of his administration. To address the departing delegates to the UNCIO, he went aboard President Roosevelt's specially fitted C-54 for a speedy transcontinental tour.

There was little wartime secrecy about the trip. The President's whereabouts were known to the public at nearly all times, and his public appearances — in Portland, Ore., San Francisco and Kansas City and Independence, Mo. — were well-publicized. Everywhere he drew big, friendly crowds, about whom he said: "They were cheering for the President, not the man."

About the whole trip there was an air of informality, and Mr. Truman cheerfully posed for photographers while fishing, getting a haircut and visiting his former haberdashery partner, Edward Jacobson, in Kansas City.

Much was made of the fact that Jacobson couldn't supply his old partner with the three white shirts (white shirts are a wartime rarity) that the President wanted. When haberdashers in other Midwest cities learned about the President's lack of luck, they made a hasty search of their shelves and, if they had white shirts of the right size on hand, sent them post-haste to the Chief Executive. The right size was 15½ collar, 33-inch sleeve.

President Truman didn't say whether he wanted to wear the new shirts to his Berlin meeting with Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin, but everybody agreed that this trip, which would take him to parts of the world he got to know the hard way in the first World War, would be a milestone in his career.



WORLD'S LARGEST. The 85,000 ton Queen Elizabeth, biggest troopship in the world, arrives in New York harbor with 14,810 passengers aboard. She brought home 13,113 men of the Eighth Air Force and 1159 Navy men as well as 446 Army nurses.

IN BRIEF

In **Washington** the State Department said it would turn to veterans of this war to build the bigger staff it will need in peace. . . . Also in the capital, the Office of Defense Transportation announced that Pullman reservations could be made only five days in advance of departure, instead of 30 days as formerly. The order was expected to discourage civilian train travel. . . . At **Mitchel Field, Long Island,** Maj. Walter V. Radovich was dismissed from the Army and sentenced to three years' hard labor on conviction of charges that he had taken $7,000 in bribes to keep two enlisted men from overseas duty. . . . **Toledo, Ohio,** announced plans for construction of an elevated airport in the heart of town and a single station for bus, train and plane travel. . . . Atrocity films shown to German PWs in this country brought varied reactions. Some were unmoved, others seemed horrified. . . . The biggest Negro university in the country, with accommodations for 3,000 students, is being planned in **Prairie View, Tex.** . . . In **Tiffin, Ohio,** the induction of Nevin Haudenshild, 35, proved expensive for the taxpayers. He has 13 children and his dependency benefits amount to $320 monthly. . . . Hand grenades hurled at a War Bond invasion demonstration on Lake Ponchartrain Beach near **New Orleans** injured 250 civilians. Most of the injured suffered phosphorous burns. . . . An easy chair broke the three-story fall of a **Seattle, Wash.,** shipyard worker. He landed upright in the chair and was uninjured except for a wrenched neck. . . . In **Troy, N. Y.,** U. S. officials were reminded that they must give each member of the Mohawk tribe of the St. Regis, N. Y., reservation four bolts of calico or give the city back to the Indians. An old Indian treaty, running "as long as the sun shines," set the annual terms.

NAMES IN THE NEWS

Fred M. Vinson, director of War Mobilization and Reconversion, declared that the Government, "must have plans for an early defeat of Japan as well as a late one." He said that reconversion must be speeded as much as possible to increase the supply of jobs for veterans and ex-war workers. . . . President Truman commuted to life imprisonment the death sentences of **Erich Gimpel** and **William Colepaugh,** convicted of spying after they were landed by a German U-boat on the Maine coast in November, 1944. . . . Hollywood police refused the request of **Clark Gable** that he be allowed to shoot varmints on his estate with a rifle. The cops said they were against "promiscuous use of firearms." . . . **Merle Oberon** and **Lucien Ballard,** a Hollywood photographer, were married, but neither attended the ceremony. It was a Mexican proxy marriage, arranged by the lawyer who helped Miss Oberon get a Mexican divorce from Sir Alexander Korda, movie producer. Later the film star and Ballard plan a more conventional wedding. . . . **Sen. Homer Capehart** [R., Ind.] returned from Europe to say that the ban on GI fraternization in Germany was unenforceable and should be dropped. . . . **Erno Rapee,** maestro of the Radio City Music Hall orchestra in New York City, died of a heart attack. . . . **Gen. Jacob L. Devers,** who has served in both the Mediterranean and the ETO, was named head of Army Ground Forces, succeeding Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell. . . . The *SS Ernie Pyle,* a troopship named for the late columnist, was launched at Vancouver, Wash.

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THE ARMY WEEKLY

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This Week's Cover

THIS drawing was made by Sgt. Jack Ruge, YANK Staff Artist, during the campaign on Okinawa. It shows amtracks of the 1st Amphibious Marines shelling Jap-held Naha with 75-mm howitzers. The amtracks were also standing guard against possible Jap infiltration from the sea. Other sketches by GI artists are on pages 2 through 9.

PHOTO CREDITS. 10—Sgt. Reg Kenny. 11 & 12—PA. 13—Sgt. John Frano. 14 & 15—Pvt. George Aarons. 20—Columbia Pictures. 22—Sgt. Frano. 23—Cpl. Salvatore Cannizzo.

Mail Call

A Captain Proposes

Dear YANK:

I have been reading YANK for several years now, particularly the letters written by men all over the world. Many of the gripes are purely local affairs, but in some cases there is a basic fault revealed in the present set-up of the Army. Recent events indicate that a fairly large postwar military establishment is being planned, which will probably include a form of compulsory military training. Now everyone feels, to some extent, that the present system would manage somehow for this war, but most of us think that a much better system could be instituted. I think it is time we got down to cases and outlined what we think a really first-class system would be like. Consideration should be given to the workability of other systems such as the Russian, French, British, Australian, Chinese, German, etc.

Just to start things off, here are a few of my own ideas:

1) All officers, except those in technical services requiring particular training such as manufacturing plants, engineers, research, etc., should come from the ranks. This would include West Point as well. The system of political appointments of officers should be eliminated.

2) All ranks, officers and enlisted men, should wear the same uniform, differentiated only by insignia of rank.

3) All ranks, officers and enlisted men, should have the same type of food in the same mess halls.

4) All ranks, officers and enlisted men, should have the same type of quarters, the only difference being that there would be less men to a room as the rank increased.

5) There should be no social differences because of rank, all men being entitled to use the same recreation facilities; no reserved seats for officers, etc.

6) The equipment allowed a man should depend on his job, not on his rank.

The above are a few basic principles. If the Army is to attract a good quality of man and appeal to the average citizen, it must have a democratic basis. The old Prussian type of Army is not suitable for use with intelligent men. Discipline can always be obtained if the job is presented squarely and fairly to the man. . . . Industrial organizations have more complicated systems than the Army and yet they do not need close-order drill, etc., to instill discipline.

In item No. 1 above, I exempted the technical-service officers from the general qualifications for officers. That was done for a particular reason. This war has demonstrated that victory is on the side of science. . . . There is a lot written about the part played by science in this war but at the same time they go on drafting the small handful of highly-trained men. . . . Unless the role of science in war is fully realized, this nation could be as defenseless as a baby even with 10,000,000 men under arms.

OK, I've had my say and presented my points. Now, pick it to pieces, defend it, or what you will, but now is the time to do something about transforming your gripes into concrete suggestions.

—Capt. — —

Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.

Conquerors or Victors?

Dear YANK:

Despite the fact that I have often read the different proclamations which we put in German towns, and have even put them up myself, it was only the other day that I noticed for the first time a startling discrepancy between the German and the English in the famous Proclamation No. 1. Its most important phrase, its punch line you might say, reads in English, "We Come As Conquerors," while the German translation reads "Wir kommen als ein Siegreiches Heer," meaning "We come as a victorious army"—which is not only infinitely weaker, but also decidedly not saying the same thing. When we go back to the States we may say that we come as a victorious army, but to Germany we come as conquerors and there is a German expression which leaves no room for question and which is a true translation of "We Come As Conquerors," namely, "Wir kommen als Eroberer."

It can hardly be assumed that this discrepancy is the consequence of a mere error in translation, because too many responsible people must surely have worked on and checked and checked again these proclamations. Then why do we use strong English and weak German? Proclamation No. 1 has been the subject of many editorials in leading U.S. newspapers. We tell our people of the things we are telling the Germans. Let us tell them then!

Germany T/5 JOHN H. JACOBSON

Cavalry Reconn

Dear YANK:

I think we of cavalry reconnaissance troops have a legitimate complaint—namely, why are we not entitled to an award with added pay, similar to the Combat Infantryman's Badge, which at present is exclusive for doughboys?

With all due respect to our gravel-agitating buddies, with whom we often work side by side, our task at no time is an easy one. Mounted or dismounted, as the case may be, our missions invariably take us deep into enemy territory, many times behind enemy lines. We are out there alone, without support from other units. Being the first to contact the enemy, we can expect almost anything—and generally find it. Running into an ambush, or being cut off from the rear, 20 or 30 miles beyond friendly lines, is part of our daily work. To gain information necessary to complete missions oftentimes requires engaging numerically superior enemy forces.

Ours being a highly specialized organization, the requirements and responsibilities of the NCOs and all personnel are greater than in most ground outfits. Aside from the fact that we have all had infantry basic training and must be prepared to function as such, we are a fast-moving, hard-hitting, closely coordinated mechanized team with a complete knowledge of the over-all situation of an operation. We still have staff sergeants as platoon sergeants, buck sergeants as section leaders and squad leader corporals against techs, staffs and bucks in the Infantry.

Sure, a doughboy has a tough row to hoe, and a paratrooper's task is a hazardous one; the fighter and bomber crews perform heroically up in the clouds. But they all have something to show for their trouble in the form of additional pay and awards. How about the cavalryman, who sticks his neck out a mile and sweats it out on his own, out there in the unknown.

Philippines —S/Sgt. F. J. MALLANIK*

*Also signed by 15 others.

GI Blackmail

Dear YANK:

I have been noticing how many "future Dillingers and Capones" are using your Mail Call and *Stars and Stripes* to justify their plans in advance.

They all run in the same vein: "You better give us a big bonus or build bigger jails." It is also apparent from the various hair-brained schemes that have been submitted through your columns that even if our government gave every man a million dollars, lots of guys would be unhappy because it was not two million. Out of the millions of servicemen, some among them will not get a square deal by every standard. Yet I am sure that we all know our nation will do whatever gives the most of us the squarest deal possible.

As to "bigger bonuses or bigger jails" I favor bigger and bigger jails because any man who thinks in terms of blackmailing a decent, law-abiding people by such statements cannot be paid off.

I believe right now that it should be made clear to all servicemen that regardless of what our government does, no mercy will be shown in any quarter if anyone tries any of that pseudo-war hero gangster junk after the war. If any of those guys who wrote those letters to YANK and *Stars and Stripes* were in my outfit, I would immediately obtain the strongest padlocks possible for my possessions. A guy who has the nerve to warn us now that he will not be honest after the war and must be bought off with a large bonus, doesn't strike me as a guy I would trust within a mile of my barracks bag today.

If we are going to start throwing threats around of "pay-off-or-else," we can't blame a decent God-fearing people for being sensible, refusing to pay blackmail, and going ahead with a bigger jails' program.

Germany —(Name Withheld)

Children vs. Memorials

Dear YANK:

News has reached this theater that many cities of the world are now making plans for elaborate and expensive war memorials and statues.

Men and women in the armed forces of the world appreciate this gesture, I am certain, but they do not agree with it wholeheartedly. Most of them have

"T-t-tell me about the points, George, will ya, George? Huh, George?"
—Cpl. Tom Flannery

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seen too much of suffering, death and destruction to appreciate spending money on marble statues and memorial buildings. Those who have given their lives in this war gave them so that the others could enjoy a better way of life and learn to exist in peace together.

The eyes of the world are now turned to America as a leader in the rehabilitation program that is to follow after hostilities have ceased. America cannot swing such a program alone obviously, but she can introduce a program of world child rehabilitation. It is suggested that on the great day of victory, when all peoples of the world are celebrating, each man and woman contribute what he may desire in money to be used for worldwide rehabilitation of children. This fund would be turned into supervised channels for the purpose of providing food, clothing and medical care for the millions of little children, who have suffered so greatly in this world conflict.

Children have provided plenty of morale building for servicemen and women throughout the world. Contact with children of war has touched them and kept them human. Many a soldier has shared, or given entirely of his last ration, that a starving child should not go hungry. Many of these boys are now dead. They have made the supreme sacrifice. What better memorial could we give to them than to help these same children?

. . . Servicemen and women will be the first to make such a contribution, I am sure. Will other peoples of the world give to such a fund, or would they prefer to build marble statues that will soon be forgotten?

India —S/Sgt. ZERYL E. JACKSON

Copped Coolers

Dear YANK:

Here in Iran our mission has been accomplished for quite some time, and we have been trying to make life more comfortable for ourselves by improving our living conditions.

We had lamps at the head of our cots but some brass hat got wind of it and we ain't got those no more. Up until this morning we had water coolers in each barracks. A truck was dispatched to pick them all up. These water coolers were of great comfort to us, for the weather and the water here are both very hot.

By afternoon you could go through the officers' private rooms and find a cooler in each room. . . .

Iran —(Two Names Withheld)

Radio 'Specialists'

Dear YANK:

I'm a "specialist" in the Armored Forces and, according to the classification and assignment experts, a slow-speed radio operator. I was put in the Armored Forces to stay off of my very flat feet, and held in limited service for two months of basic training.

I spent a total of nine weeks in radio school, learned the international Morse code, made good in general and was handed the school's diploma as a souvenir. Now I'm in a replacement depot waiting for assignment to the battle area.

My gripe is that to date I haven't seen or operated a set, on which I got instruction, for the past four months. I've lost my touch at code and forgotten most of what I learned about radios, because I haven't had necessary practice. However, I have had a lot of practice at close-order drill, road marches, digging ditches, policing areas, cleaning latrines and KP.

I feel it's a joke when I hear we are "the best-trained army in the world." God help the guy on the other end of my transmissions when I hit the battle ground. . . .

Marianas —Pvt. PAUL J. DUCHIN

Navy Uniform (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

. . . I wore the uniform from 1941 to 1943, in a variety of duties and climates. It is my opinion, based on this duty, that the uniform is hopelessly outmoded and should be replaced as soon as the war situation permits.

The Marines, with whom we came into close contact, were proud of their uniforms and kept them sharply pressed and immaculate. The Navy enlisted men had no such pride in their clothes and many regarded their whites with contempt. . . . We could not wear whites on deck due to their high visibility. The fact that those in charge had designed a uniform that we could not fight in was a reflection on their intelligence, as the main purpose of the Navy is to fight. . . .

The Navy has come a long way in cleaning out the deadwood [illegible] tion since 1940 and shou[illegible] now.

FPO, San Francisco —A[illegible] Ensign

Dear YANK:

It seems funny to us in these days of advancement that the Navy has neglected the uniform. The Navy would surely be in a hell of a condition if its ships, planes and other equipment were permitted to become so stagnant.

—HOWARD C. TURNLEY PhM3c*

San Diego, Calif.

*Also signed by 46 others.

Dear YANK:

The proposed uniform is remarkably close to that which the majority have long dreamed of. Let us have some action on this wonderful idea before it is forgotten, as have been so many other suggestions to improve the conditions under which the character of the American sailor is suppressed.

Panama —JOHN HENRY WEHE III AM2c*

*Also signed by 41 others.

Dear YANK:

Your proposal in YANK for a new uniform fills me with horror. For almost six years that splendid outfit has chinked the gaps in my wan personality and enabled me to play at least a semi-wolf role. I want my female companions neither to be overwhelmed nor disappointed. This circus-performance costume reveals what goes to make the man. We Donahues for many generations have taken pride in our physiques and feel that while we cannot satisfy everybody, we can at least give them a look.

—WILLIAM E. DONAHUE ARM1c

FPO, New York

'Essential Specialists'

Dear YANK:

. . . We are members of a medical detachment attached to an infantry regiment guarding PWs in the ETO. Many of us have been medics for over four and a half years. The vast majority of us have been classified as medical or surgical technicians, which have been declared essential by the War Department to the successful pursuit of the war. In spite of our classification as "essential specialists," our duties do not appear to confirm such classification. For example, a few of our "essential" jobs in the past three years are as follows: battalion and regiment water detail, ration detail, kitchen police, the building (not supervision) of company latrines, and a heterogeneous conglomeration of odds and ends too numerous to list.

Most of us have received neither formal nor practical training in any type of technical capacity. The greater number of us could scarcely prescribe an aspirin tablet correctly. We have been witness to the fact that the average soldier can be trained in a couple of weeks to efficiently perform our duties. At one time we were considered so "essential" that technicians by the thousands were transferred to other arms and services. Service overseas ranges as high as three years with over-all service from two to four and a half years, and with three bronze combat stars to our credit.

We do not profess to know the reasons for WD policy, but can anyone answer these two questions?

1. Simply how in the hell have we suddenly become so "essential" just when we were about to get one of our few breaks in four years?

2. Why does an army of 2,000,000 less require as many "essential" personnel to service it as an army greater by 2,000,000? Personally, none of us have studied that type of arithmetic in school.

Germany —T-3 DAVID S. BAIN*

*Also signed by 16 others.

Unauthorized Ribbons

Dear YANK:

After receiving several letters from boys who have gone home on rotation, we have come to the firm conclusion that each soldier should have and carry with him at all times a certificate showing the ribbons he is authorized to wear. We hear that soldiers who have never seen overseas service wear theater as well as other ribbons promiscuously. Medals won by sweat and blood should not be bought with nickels and dimes. Let only those wear them who earn them.

We suggest that each soldier upon departure from his parent organization be given a certified card showing the ribbons authorized by the regimental adjutant, and that all ribbons come through Army channels only.

Philippines —Pfc. ELLIS MANDEL

Cooks in a Stew

Dear YANK:

In regards to a recent letter signed "Nine Disgusted Nurses," the cooks in this Army feel the same way towards inspectors and IGs as the Nine Disgusted Nurses.

Why do Army cooks eventually become glorified head KPs? Why does all Army food end up in a stew? Because the cooks must "spit and polish" 10 out of every 12 hours to gratify the whims of the inspectors.

What do the inspectors look for? Do

they inspect the food for quality or quantity? NO! They look for dust on top of the water pipes, dirt in the cracks of the floor, a piece of waste paper under the garbage rack, some canned goods upside down in the storeroom, a bread crumb that's out of place, a spot of grease on the stoves, or to see if the cooks have lustrous shoes. To be brief, they look for the sublime in immaculateness.

What do they do about the food? Quote a GI cook: "The hell with the food, the inspectors never look at it—just throw it on the stove and let her stew."

Camp Hood, Tex. —Five Weary Cooks

Bags for Pin-Ups

Dear YANK:

Having been ardent movie-goers back in the States we expected to see native chicks clad in sarongs and grass skirts when we hit the islands. The motion-picture industry has been shamelessly deceiving the American public. There have been some changes made since GI Joe arrived. Here's the correct dope on the latest mode of dress, and we hope the movies dig this and get on the ball.

The best-dressed slick chicks around here now sport mattress covers, somewhat abbreviated, with the slack taken up. Replacing the old type grass skirt is the khaki barracks bag, M145, minus the bottom and with the cords drawn taut.

We want the armchair-borne USO commandos to be kept abreast of the times. What we'd like YANK to do is print a pin-up of Dotty Lamour or Maria Montez, or both, attired in the aforementioned Government issue.

Southwest Pacific —Pvt. JAMES P. GIABERT*

*Also signed by Pvt. Richard C. Wilson.

■ The girls' press agents said they were out to lunch—indefinitely.

Separate Discharge Insignia

Dear YANK:

. . . We propose that a separate discharge button be awarded officers as distinguished from that offered enlisted men upon termination of service. We want to make certain that we recognize the "gentlemen"—always.

India —S/Sgt. EDWARD S. BOTT*

*Also signed by 10 others.

First Glider Snatch

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of CBI YANK you state that the first glider-ambulance service was performed at the Remagen bridgehead. I'd like to tell you you're full of prunes. The first glider-ambulance service was pulled off by the First Air Commando Group in Burma. In January *Look* magazine published an issue showing photos of the First Air Commandos, my old outfit, evacuating British West Africans by the "snatch" method. We were also the first outfit to use the glider "snatch" as early as March 1944.

Although I am no longer a member of "Cochran's Commandos," I understand they were right in there punching from Meiktila to Rangoon in the final drive in South Burma. As you know, they built an airfield deep inside enemy lines in Burma, south of Myitkyina, while this city was still in Jap hands. The outfit took in Wingate's Chindits, supplied them, gave them air cover, and took them out when their job was finished, all by air, over a hundred miles behind Jap lines.

China —Lt. HARRY H. ELLIS

Strictly GI

Income Tax for Returnees. The Judge Advocate General's Office announces that, under an amendment to Treasury regulations, all returning Army personnel have an additional two months in which to meet Federal income-tax obligations. Formerly, such obligations had to be met within 3½ months after a man's return. Under the new regulations, due dates for filing returns or declarations and for paying tax or estimated tax are automatically postponed until 5½ months after the serviceman returns to the continental U. S., not counting the calendar month in which he returns.

There is a further postponement if a man leaves the U. S. again before the 5½ months expire. Thus, many overseas veterans redeployed to the Pacific, even though passing through the States, won't have to worry about Federal tax returns and payments until they get back from the Pacific. The 5½-month period is allowed all personnel returning to this country after Dec. 31, 1944.

'Summer Battle Jacket.' The WD took note of the sale by some stores in the States of a so-called summer battle jacket—made of suntan material and similar in design to the OD jacket—and pointed out that no such item of clothing had been authorized for either EM or officers. Those who have bought this jacket won't be permitted to wear it, the WD added.

Jap Rifles. GIs in the Pacific who have been figuring on bringing home a Jap rifle for conversion into a hunting job are emphatically advised not to in an article appearing in a recent issue of *The American Rifleman*, official publication of the National Rifle Association of America. Reason: Jap rifles are good enough when used with Jap cartridges but dangerous when used with special loads—and nearly all converting of rifles is done with the idea of using loads that develop heavier pressures than those of the cartridge for which the rifle was planned. Our Springfields, on the other hand, are built with a large margin of safety so that they can without risk be put to a number of civilian uses calling for non-regulation loads.

The Jap Arisaka rifle, according to the magazine, is sturdy and well finished but the parts of even the best examples of it are not wholly interchangeable. Consequently, even if you should pick up an apparently perfect specimen, its bolt might originally have been designed for another rifle, making your souvenir a potential source of grave trouble.

Sen, Yen. To facilitate dealing with the natives, Yanks on Okinawa and other Ryukyu islands are being paid in military sen and yen notes instead of dollars. There are 100 sen in a yen and a yen on Okinawa is figured to be worth 10 cents, but this rate of exchange may vary in other Jap areas on the invasion schedule. The military currency, which was made in the U. S., comes in denominations of 10 and 50 sen and 1, 5, 10, 20 and 100 yen. Low-value notes are about half the size of a dollar bill, high-bracket yen jobs approximately as big as one. On the face of the notes are the words "Military Currency"—printed in both English and Japanese. Men who want to send money home may, of course, exchange their sen and yen for greenbacks.

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Navy Notes

WITH the end of the war in Europe and the beginning of the point system of discharge for the Army, men of the Navy are wondering what is being planned for them.

Vice Adm. Randall Jacobs, the Chief of Naval Personnel, summed it up in a recent radio talk when he said: "When Japan is defeated and naval demobilization can begin, it will be done along the lines announced by the War Department. Like the Army, the Navy is establishing priority for release on a basis of length of service outside the continental United States, combat service and parenthood. We shall watch the partial demobilization of the Army after Germany's defeat and profit by their experience when a final and precise blueprint for naval demobilization is drawn up—probably not until the defeat of Japan is at hand."

The Army's point system was the result of some suggestions from the GIs themselves, long before VE-Day, in a poll to determine the fairest possible order of demobilization. Whether a similar poll of Navy personnel would produce the same results would be difficult to say because of differences between Army service and Navy duty, but it would probably be essentially the same in principle—awarding priority for a combination of factors rather than for a preponderance of one.

However, the intention is clearly not to adopt the Army's system in its entirety, but to modify it to fit the Navy and to improve on it and correct mistakes as they are brought out in the plan's actual operation. Some controversial points are already showing up, at least in the opinion of those to whom they work to disadvantage.

Now, in the Army, points are awarded for four classes, and at present 85 is out. In the first class, one point is given for each month of total service. This seems reasonable and fair to all concerned. Secondly, an additional point is earned for each month of overseas service and there is no argument about that either.

It is the third class that will likely require some modification or change when applied to the Navy. In the third class, five points are given for each battle star, Purple Heart, or other decoration of a designated class.

In these days of submarine and air attack, all sea-duty sailors are on the front line, most of them under the same danger as the decorated ones. And if sea duty becomes the standard, what of the Seabee parked on a rock in the Aleutians or buried in the snow of Iceland for three years? There are also combat sailors and Seabees who have seen little sea duty, such as the ones who accompanied the Army across France and ferried troops over the Rhine. Five points for each decoration might leave many a deserving sailor woefully behind in his points.

The fourth source of Army points is dependents; 12 points are awarded for each child under the age of 18, though only three children may be counted. The Army gives no credit for other dependents.

Whether or not the Navy will consider age is another question. Except for eligibility for discharge over 40, the Army allows no points for age. Men over 30 generally have been considered less adaptable than younger men and the draft age has been lowered to under 30 whenever the needs of Selective Service have permitted. It often has been suggested that if these older men do not get some head start on post-war jobs they may find themselves behind the 8-ball in competition with the younger men when they do get out. (The average age of enlisted personnel in the Navy on April 1 was 23½; for officers it was 31½.)

The point system, when applied to the Navy, will probably have to be set up either within fleet units or within each rating throughout the Navy, inasmuch as the trained complement of a ship with a high point score would obviously not be replaced wholesale by untrained ex-shore-based personnel, and yeomen and storekeepers could not replace shipfitters and signalmen.

Meanwhile the total authorized strength of 4,248,165 for the combined naval forces is at hand, with 3,600,000 in the Navy, 470,000 in the Marines and 173,165 in the Coast Guard. Hereafter draft quotas will be only for replacements, which are now running at about 17,500 per month. The Navy's June draft call was for 15,000; the Marines, 2,000 and the Coast Guard's, none at all.

Although the discharge slip is not available generally, with or without points, the Bureau of Personnel has announced that the enlisted-personnel situation has improved to such an extent that certain categories, already eligible for discharge on a limited basis, will now be released to inactive duty or discharged as rapidly as they can be replaced.

There are some 5,900 enlisted men on the retired list who will be released to inactive duty or discharged before Jan. 1, 1946, except for those few in key positions. All enlisted men over 42 have been eligible for discharge since September 1944 if they were dispensable or could be replaced. It will now become easier for them to attain dispensability.

Those classified for limited duty as a result of a medical survey will also be discharged. However, Special Assignment personnel (those slightly under par in sight or hearing) are being retained and made available for even more activities.

The situation in the Waves is a bit tighter. There are over 82,000 now on active duty but it's still not enough. The greatest need is in the Hospital Corps, where 13,000 are already on active duty. The Waves' recruiting quota has been increased to 2,000 per month.

Hair for the Hairless. North Africa may be the Shangri-La of the baldheaded men if there is any truth in the legend of the 120th Seabee Battalion which was stationed there. The 120th isn't there any more but when it was the outfit claimed that all baldheaded members mysteriously sprouted hair as a result of the tonic effects of the North African sunshine—or something.

Lt. W. B. Huie picked up the story in his book, "Can Do! The Story of the Seabees," and started a flurry of applications for North African duty. But the *BuPers Information Bulletin* said: "Sorry, no more North Africa assignments, or words to that effect.

Then Milton Gauch Y2c, who with Arrell Gibson Y2c was the original source of the legend, turned up at the Seabees' Camp Endicott, Davisville, R. I. Endicott's paper, the *Bulldozer*, interviewed Gauch and asked him to account for the power of North African sunshine to defy Mendel's laws of heredity.

"Who is this guy Mendel?" asked Gauch. "If he wasn't a member of the 120th, he wouldn't know."

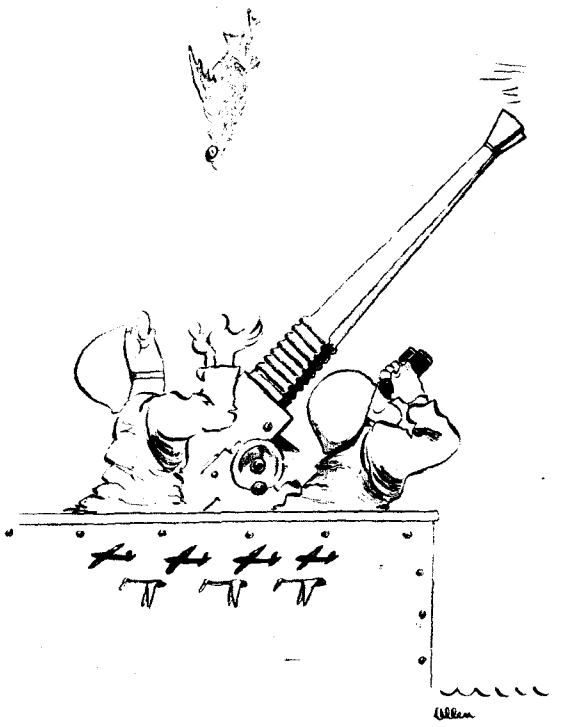
When told that Mendel was an Austrian botanist who died in 1884, Gauch remained adamant. Said he: "Mendel or no Mendel, scientific facts or no scientific facts, I spent month after month overseas, doing nothing, practically, except sit around and watch the hair grow. All kinds of hair—blond, black, red, gray, pink, straight and curly. Why, half the customers of the barber shop were guys who were 100 percent baldheaded when they first arrived!

"Those guys' heads were so bald and tough and shiny on top they looked like glass," continued Gauch. "You couldn't have scratched them with a diamond cutter. But after they'd been there a couple of months, there they were, standing in line, getting haircuts.

"How do I account for it? I don't. But it's too bad Mr. Mendel's dead—he could've joined the Seabees and gotten an education."

Just before he stalked off, Gauch added: "In his book, Lt. Huie says it was at Arzew where baldness bit the dust. It wasn't. Hair sprouts all over North Africa."

ONE of the best-known showgirls on Broadway disappeared last year and nobody heard much about her until she popped up suddenly in Hollywood and became an immediate success. Her name is Adele Jergens. She is 5 feet 6½ inches tall, has blonde hair and brown eyes. Her new picture for Columbia is "A Thousand and One Nights."



—Richard Allen Y1c

Blues in the Navy. Some time ago this department printed sketches of a new uniform for Navy enlisted men as proposed in the *Pelican*, newspaper of the Naval Repair Base, New Orleans, La., and we asked for opinions. We got them, and when we had about 3,000 we printed a few of the letters and revised the sketches according to the majority opinion.

Now, over 7,000 Navy men have spoken. Although the first letters to arrive bore mostly Stateside addresses, the majority are now from the South Pacific or FPO New York and San Francisco. They are from men on all types of duty.

The proposed uniform consisted of a jacket similar to the Eisenhower battle jacket, to be worn with a gray shirt, ordinary pants with a fly, and an overseas cap. This outfit could be made up in different materials, suitable for winter, summer or work. So far, exactly 90 percent of the men are in favor of a change, mostly along the lines of the sketch, although many would prefer something similar to a chief's suit.

They all realize the impossibility of refitting a Navy of over 3 million men overnight but many believe that a suitable uniform could be authorized, as it is in the Coast Guard, and purchased only by those who need it, instead of the tailor-mades that they buy anyway.

The reasons most often given for their wanting a change are: That the present blues are childish, foppish and untidy on most men; that the uniforms of officers, stewards and of all the other services have been modernized while sailors are held to an Eighteenth Century tradition; that the discomforts of the long collar, the small pockets, the tight jumper and the 14 pants buttons are not necessary to the performance of any of their duties; that they are forced to own, carry and wash too many uniforms (with whites) which are unsuited for work or action and, in the end, they buy tailor-made serge suits anyway.

The 10 percent who want no change in the uniform make up for their numbers by the intensity of their feelings and they damn well don't want anyone tampering with that suit. They feel that the present uniform is distinctly Navy while the proposed one looks like a gas-station attendant's suit; that the girls go for the Navy uniform in a big way, that nothing else could be stowed easily, and that they like the feel of it and are proud of its appearance.

But it is almost always their tailor-mades that they admire and would like to see authorized.

—DONALD NUGENT Sp(X)3c

THE Soldier Speaks Department of YANK is inviting letters from sailors to make up a guest-artist page for one issue. We will call it The Sailor Speaks and the question for discussion will be "Should the Navy have the same discharge plan as the Army?" If you have any ideas on the subject send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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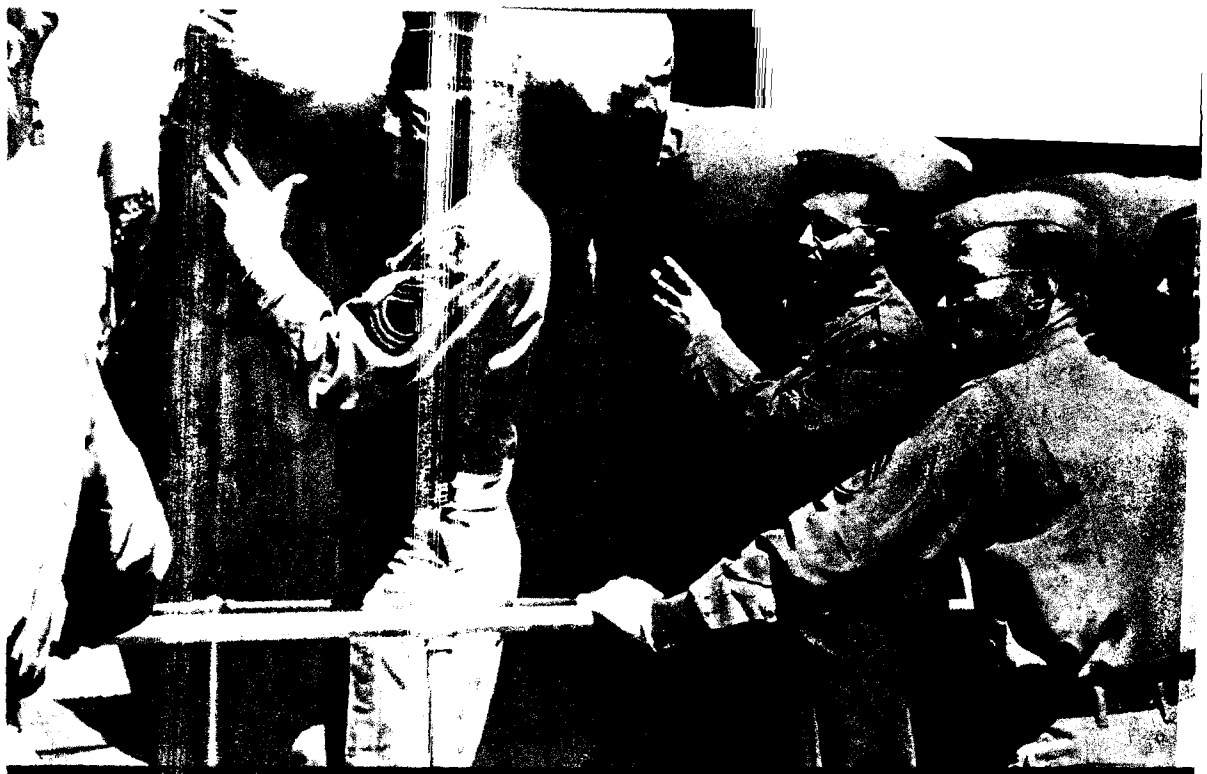
THE *Blackhawks* RETURN

The 86th "Blackhawk" Division came home, but only for a short time. It was the first full combat division to be returned for redeployment from the ETO, after 42 days of combat in the Ruhr and Bavaria. The 86th came into New York in four transports. Its GIs got a big hand, and a big press. Newspapermen, broadcasters and photographers waved them in. But what they most wanted was a furlough and a welcome from their homes. Then they were scheduled for the Pacific, after a period of retraining in camp.



GIs of the 86th come down the gang plank carrying barracks bags as their transport docks in New York.

S/Sgt. Rufus Gaines of London, Ky., 343d Infantry.

Pfc. David Fox of Akron, Ohio, 343d Infantry.

Pfc. George Martin of Lima, Pa., 341st Infantry.

A transport waits in New York harbor, its decks jammed with GIs of the Blackhawk Division. An official "welcome home" ship is alongside it with a WAC band on deck.

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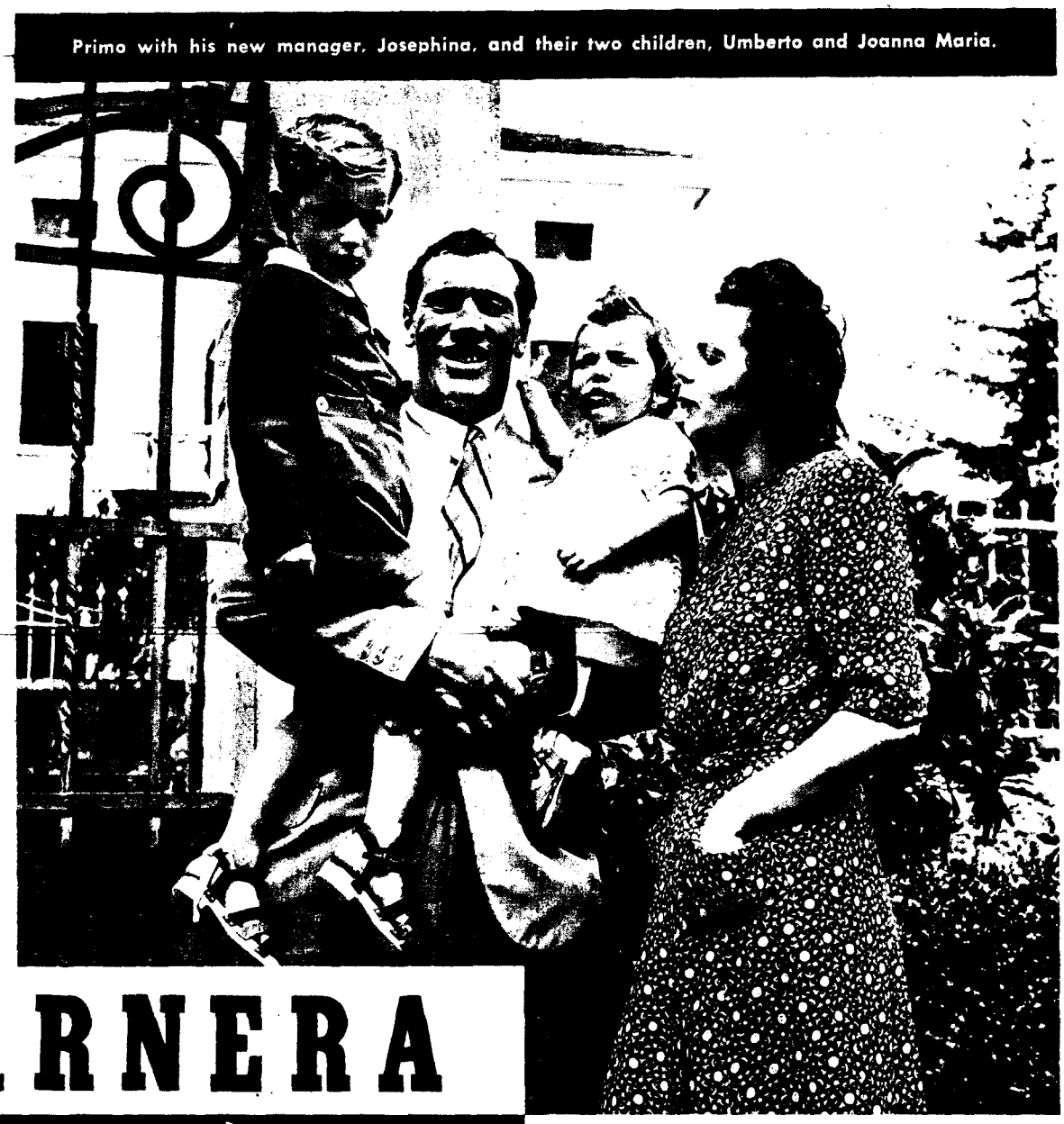
CARNERA at Home

By Sgt. DAN POLIER
YANK Staff Correspondent



Primo with his new manager, Josephina, and their two children, Umberto and Joanna Maria.

SEQUALS, ITALY—Primo Carnera squeezed his 240-pound hulk into the front seat of the jeep and listened patiently while we read his obituary to him. It was a very touching story of the life and death of the former heavyweight champion, which appeared in a New York newspaper back in 1943 when "Ol' Satch" was reported executed by a German firing squad.

The story described Primo as the saddest man in sports. It told how Carnera's opponents had to be treated to a couple of whiffs of chloroform between rounds; how his managers bled him white by investing his money in phony oil wells and gold mines; how Carnera left America, sick and broken-hearted, and went back to his first job of faking as a strong man in a circus and married a girl from an English pub; and, finally, how he wound up fighting and dying with Italian Partisans in World War II.

Primo roared angrily, "What son of a bitch wrote that?"

Despite the hardships of war, Primo says he has been much happier during the past few years than he was during his heyday as champion. Since his return from the States, he has been living the peaceful life of a gentleman farmer with his wife and two children in a fine home in this little village where he was born.

Primo looks like anything but a sick, broken man. He had a rough time with an infected kidney several years ago, but it has been removed and today he looks as fit and bullish as he ever did. His weight is down, almost 20 pounds under his old fighting figure. There is some confusion about Carnera's age. He claims to be only 36 but the record books list him as 39.

Carnera's wife Josephina is a tall, attractive brunette of 30 from northern Italy. In 1939 they met in the market place at Udine and after a whirlwind courtship of a few months they were married. They went to Rome, Naples and Capri on their honeymoon and then settled down to live in Sequals in Primo's new $100,000 home.

Josephina's big complaint with Primo is that he is lazy. "He absolutely refuses to do any work around the house," she said wearily. "And he is always giving me his shoes to shine. The only thing I can get him to do is go to town for me. He loves to go to town and talk with the boys. Since you Americans came I haven't had a minute's peace. Primo is always bringing soldiers home with him and they sit up drinking until all hours of the night."

Both the Carnera children are normal sized and look like their mother. The boy, Umberto, is impressed by the stories of his father's ring career. "He wants to be a fighter," Primo says sourly, "but I won't let him. Goddam, it's a tough racket. His father was a fighter. That's enough."

Primo calls his chubby, two-year-old daughter, Joanna Maria, his "Doll" and showers affection on her. Josephina has warned Primo against showing favoritism but thinks she is wasting her breath. Joanna is the first girl ever born in the Carnera family and Primo considers her his personal triumph.

Scattered prominently throughout the costly Carnera house are Primo's boxing trophies. Entering the front door you are likely to stumble over what feels like a tank trap, but upon close inspection turns out to be bronze impressions of "Ol' Satch's" massive hand and fists. They are used as doorstops. In the living room, hanging over the fireplace, is a full-length painting of Carnera in fighting trunks with his hand raised in victory. Displayed on the mantelpiece in a glass case are the gloves Primo wore when he flattened the champion, Jack Sharkey, with that famous "invisible" punch. Primo's big, bulky scrapbooks are everywhere, on the tables, on chairs and even on the floor. Thumbing through their pages, you can't help but notice that he has carefully omitted all clippings of his fights with Joe Louis, Max Baer, and Leroy Haynes, all of which ended in knockouts of Primo. "Goddam, I forget about the ones I lost," he says.

Primo works out almost daily in the gym, which adjoins his house, using any farm hand who needs a few extra lire as a sparring partner. He says he has no idea of staging a comeback either as a boxer or a wrestler. Currently, Primo holds the heavyweight wrestling championship of Italy, a dubious title he won three years ago from "some palooka." He still wrestles on occasion in Udine to help out his old friend, Promoter Charlie Young. Young, incidentally, is a one-time New York gangster who was deported to Italy after serving 10 years on a murder charge. He is now working for the AMG in Udine.

Recently Carnera boxed an exhibition at Gorizia against S/Sgt. Homer Blevins, a 91st Division soldier from Butte, Mont. His weight was announced as 245, nine pounds less than when he won the heavyweight title from Jack Sharkey in 1933. More than 1,500 American soldiers saw him in action, but there was only one solid blow struck during the three rounds.

The reports that Primo fought with the Partisans and was wounded in the leg are phony and Primo himself is the first to admit it. Even today he is no Johnny-come-lately Partisan. "I was neutral," Primo said. "I was respected by my people and I was respected by the Germans, too." He was perhaps more respected by the Germans, because they hired him as an overseer of Italian workers at a mine near Sequals. When Sgt. Max Schmeling toured the Italian theatre, Primo and Josephina were invited to spend the weekend in Venice, where Carnera and Schmeling made a propaganda movie for the Nazis. Later Schmeling came up to Sequals to spend a weekend with the Carneras.

"Schmeling is an old man," Carnera said. "He can hardly stand up anymore because of his leg, which was wounded at Crete. He claims he hates the Germans because they stole his property in Czechoslovakia. His wife ran off with some Nazi party official. We talked mostly about America. Schmeling wants to go back if he can."

According to Primo, his relationship with the Germans wasn't always so pleasant. Last year, he said, the Germans followed him as he withdrew $16,000 from the bank to buy some property and broke into the house and threatened to shoot his wife and children if he didn't hand over the money. Primo also accused the *SS* of stealing his custom-built Fiat, leaving him only a bicycle to travel to Udine, 25 miles away.

Carnera's big desire, of course, is to return to America. "I love the States, goddam," he says. He hasn't heard any news from America in five years. He didn't know Billy Conn even existed and when told Conn weighed only 175 pounds he laughed. "Goddam, another Tommy Loughran."

Primo was full of questions about his old friends. He asked about Jack Sharkey, Maxie Rosenbloom, Benny Leonard, Damon Runyon, and wanted to know if Joe Palooka was still champion of the world.

But he was most interested in knowing about Jack (now Commander) Dempsey. "My old pal, Jackie. He taught me a lot in the beginning. Does he still have his restaurant next to the Garden?"

Strangely enough, Primo doesn't consider Joe Louis as the best fighter he fought. He gives this distinction to George Godfrey, another Negro heavyweight whom he fought in Philadelphia in 1931, winning on a foul in the fifth round.

"Godfrey was one helluva fighter for three or four rounds," Primo said, "but after that he would quit. He could knock your head off with one punch. Jack Dempsey wouldn't fight him."

Contrary to popular belief, Primo didn't leave America broke. He claims to have a small fortune socked away in a New York bank and says he owns two apartment houses in Newark, N. J., which his brother, Severino, is managing for him. Primo doesn't nurse any grudges against his old manager Leon See, the French sharpie who took him to America.

"I owe a lot to Leon," he said. "He taught me all I knew about fighting."

Just the same, Primo seems to have learned about managers. "When I come to America again, goddam, Josephina will be my manager," he says.

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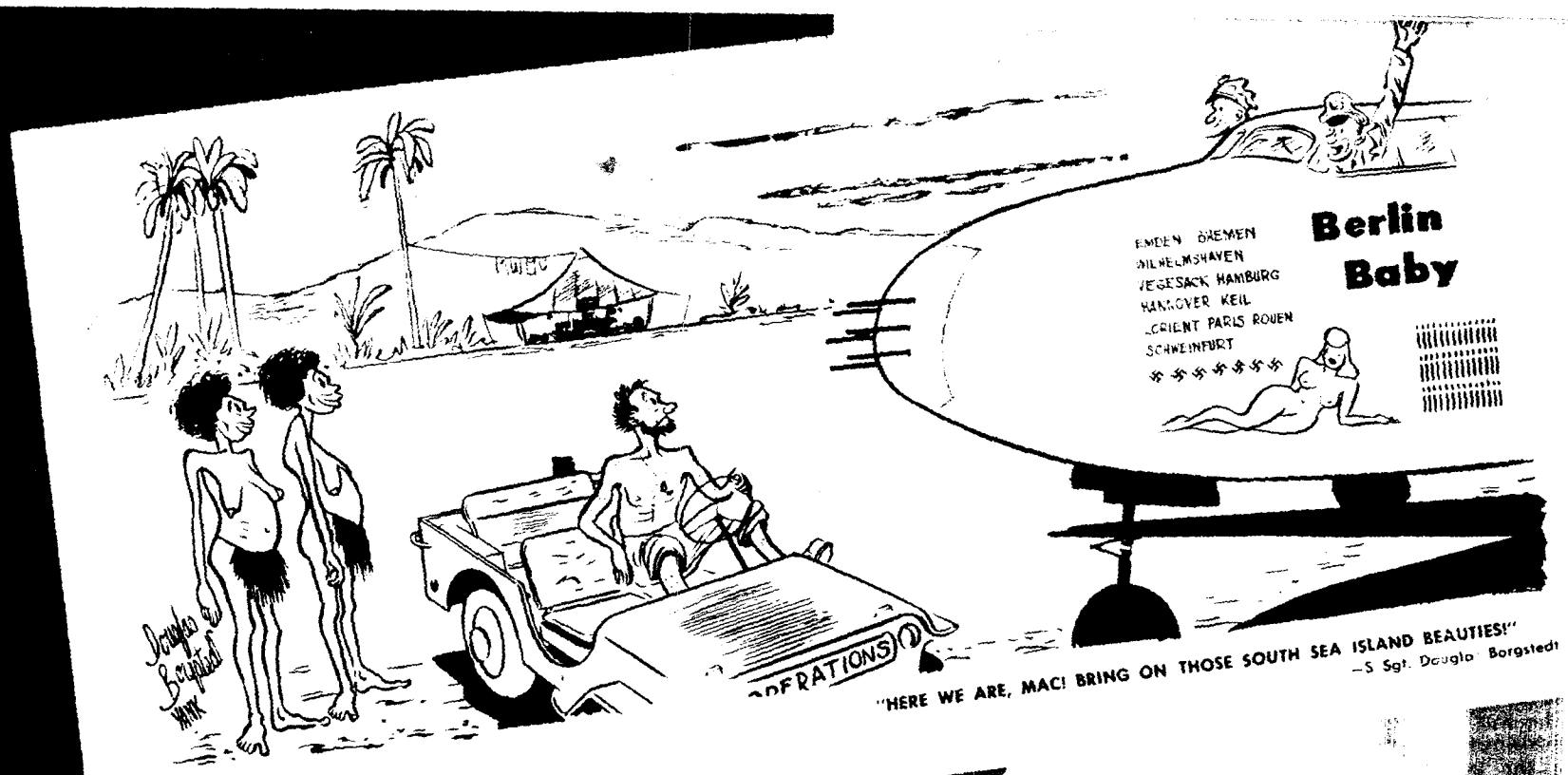
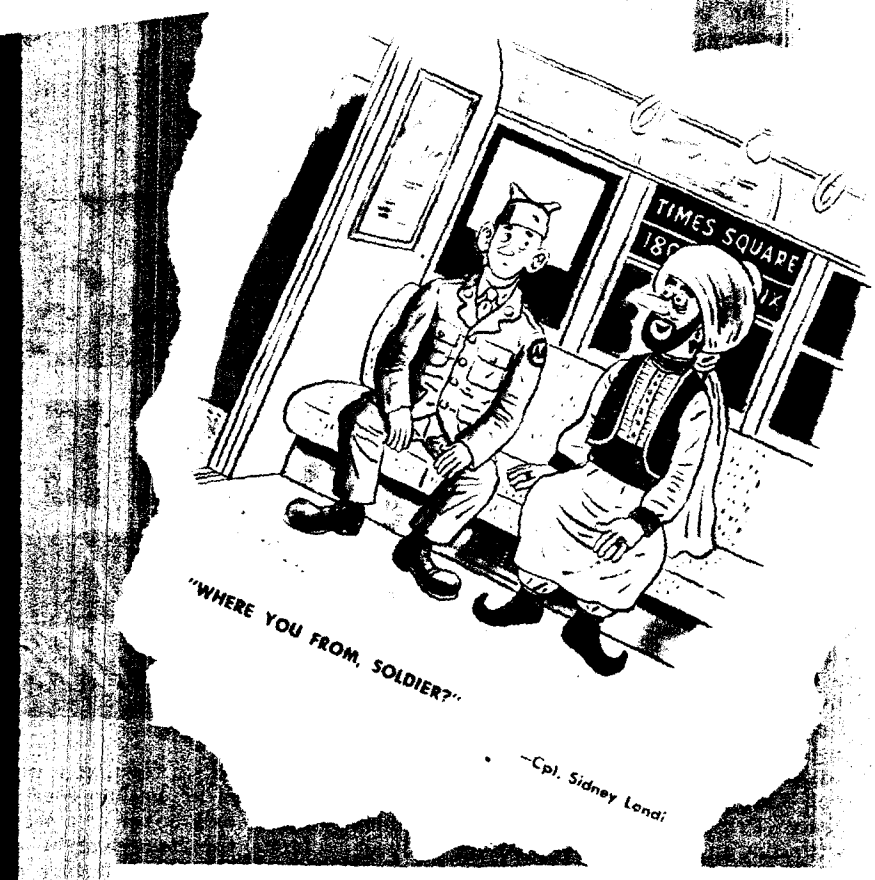


"HERE WE ARE, MAC! BRING ON THOSE SOUTH SEA ISLAND BEAUTIES!"
—S Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

"NOW YOU MEN KNOW YOUR MISSION. HERE'S THE HACIENDA. THE ATTACK JUMPS OFF AT 0600. YOU'LL GO IN WITH THE ASSAULT COMPANIES."
—Sgt. Ozzie St. George



"WHERE YOU FROM, SOLDIER?"
—Cpl. Sidney Landi

"WE'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT YOU BELONG IN THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT."
—Pfc. Anthony Delatri

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